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The New REPUBLIC

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PRESIDENT Wilson's speech on Jackson Day was not very happy in its criticism of the Republicans, but it was largely justified in its praise of the Democrats. When he said that the present Congress should be credited with the most remarkable record of any Congress since the Civil War, he was not overstating the case. When he said that the Republican party has not had a new idea for thirty years, he was palpably and inexcusably distorting the facts. During Mr. Roosevelt's second administration the Republican party was bursting with new ideas, while at the same time the Democratic party, not excluding Mr. Wilson, was laboring with old ones. The trouble with the Republicans was not lack of new ideas, but inability to unite in carrying them out. They had so many ideas and they believed in them so sincerely that a majority of the Republicans preferred to break up the party rather than abandon the ideas. What the Democrats have done is to take over some of these ideas, modify them with an infusion of traditional Democracy, and then put them through. The credit for this achievement is due to Mr. Wilson. He has every right to be proud of it, and he may well taunt the Republicans, who have so often boasted of their efficiency and of Democratic ineptitude, with the comparative meagreness of the Republican legislative record. Thrice in its history has the Democracy presented an example of effective union and discipline for the accomplishment of party purposes, and always under the vigorous and autocratic leadership of one man. Woodrow Wilson has repeated the achievement of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson; and it is an achievement of which no Federalist, no Whig and no Republican has ever proved to be capable.

THE man who eventually writes the true history of the Democratic party will have many obscure and provoking anomalies to explain. Why has the Democracy alternated between periods of the utmost cohesion and efficiency and periods of internal dissension and political ineptitude? Why has the Democracy been able to survive dissensions, inefficiency and even temporary political bankruptcy so much better than its opponents? When the Democrats get into trouble, some of them split off, and the continuity of the party is maintained. Something of this kind happened after the second English war and before the Civil War. A party which can survive the amount of unpopularity which the Democrats obtained and deserved during the Civil War can survive almost anything. When the Federalists got into trouble they did not subdivide or hibernate; they disappeared. When the Whigs proved inadequate to deal with the slavery issue, they did not hide for a while and then come back; they too disappeared. In 1912 the conservative Republicans were apparently quite willing to destroy the party and disappear rather than acquiesce in a pernicious progressivism. The Old Guard dies, but it doesn't surrender. The Democrats have no Old

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ism. It can not only subdivide without losing the continuity of its life, but it can temporarily assume almost any form, any color and any structure without ceasing to recognize itself and without any apparent sacrifice of collective identity. It is, as the President says, a grand thing to be a Democrat, but in the light of history there is some doubt as to what you are when you are a Democrat.

IF a woman suffrage amendment succeeded in being ratified by three-quarters of the states, only a purblind theorist could wish to set aside the will of such an overwhelming majority because of a possible opposition among the remaining quarter of the Union. Yet we learn from the House debate on equal suffrage last Tuesday that most of the anti-suffrage Democrats represent themselves as precisely such fanatics. In spite of Mr. Underwood's sententious talk, and in spite of the well-known reputation of Democratic Congressmen for cold intellectual honesty, it is hard to stomach this employment of the argument of state rights in relation to a question so founded on ordinary human requirements as franchise. It is well, perhaps, that for the purpose of meeting this argument the suffragists have designed another amendment, calling for state referendum, a curved instrument for minds politically oblique. But even if this also proves ineffectual, a great gain has been made in getting a division on the suffrage question in the House. The quality of the opposition to woman suffrage is exposed. The temper of those Democrats who compliment suffragists on their "tenacity and skill and address" has been marked for political digestion. The majority that voted down equal suffrage have served, by the very virtue of the voting process, to give reality to a contention hitherto vague, and thus to bring women nearer the vote.

SECRETARY Garrison's statement upon the pending Philippine bill made to the Senate Committee was refreshing in its freedom from the confusion of thought which has characterized most of the discussion on the subject. The Secretary, according to his usual habit, testified with his eye upon the facts. He placed the bill in its proper historical perspective by describing it as the last of a series of measures adopted by the President or Congress for the purpose of giving to the Filipinos an increasing share in the conduct of their own government. If it is favored as a departure from the policy of previous administrations and as the survey of a clear and smooth road to independence, it is being favored at an early date, it is being opposed for a defect of which it is not really guilty. The preamble promises the granting of independence under definite conditions, but the realization of these conditions is indefinitely remote. Although the bill would be better without the preamble, the bill should be considered on its merits apart from the preamble. It should be discussed as an instrument of government which is intended to bestow upon a politically inexperienced people as much governmental responsibility and power as will promote their political education without impairing their economic development. The friends of the Filipinos should devote their time to perfecting the measure as a piece of organic political legislation, rather than to its condemnation or praise for irrelevant merits or defects.

AS we anticipated, the President does not intend to continue his fight with the Senate over the distribution of patronage. The kind of a compromise which has often in the past ended similar controversies has been arranged. New appointments are to be made which are acceptable both to the President and the aggrieved Senator. The Senate emerges with its power over patronage confirmed by another precedent. It always must emerge substantially victorious from similar controversies until some President comes along who is willing to hazard the success of his whole administration upon the issue of the fight. It would be unreasonable to expect any such sacrifice from Mr. Wilson. He is seeking above all to govern by means of his party and to give renewed vitality to the system of party government. Congressional control over patronage is essential to the partisan system as it has been built up under American conditions. The President who seeks to destroy it must be ready to get along without organized partisan support and without any but indispensable Congressional cooperation. He must be ready also to substitute for Congressional appointment a new and a better method of selection, so that he would be fighting not on behalf of a merely personal control over appointments, but an efficient and independent administrative system.

THE veracious cartoonists on our ultra-respectable papers usually represent the labor leader as a red-faced agitator, declaiming against blood-sucking capitalists. They picture him as a consorter with evil men, a drunkard, a brutal, violent, unprincipled, irrational "rough-neck." That type, however, if it exists at all, is as rare as is the type

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emaciated and prostrate workingman. The ritual labor leader is a planner rather than a talker, a "business agent" rather than a "walking delegate." In the unions in which trade agreements are in operation, the labor leader is concrete, aggressive yet conciliatory, clear-minded, and above all, statistical. On the question of wages, output, profits, an official of the United Mine Workers can argue the average president of a coal company off his feet. In the present arbitration proceedings between ninety-eight western railroads and their engineers and firemen, we find the workmen's representatives fully informed concerning the last detail of the management of the various lines, and perfectly able to discuss gross and net revenues, capitalization, and other financial matters with the company statisticians. When the time comes for labor to take its part in the management of business, it will have learned how.

SIR Edward Grey's note diminishes the area of the controversy about contraband between the United States and Great Britain, but by no means removes the causes and the dangers of friction. Our government must continue to insist that belligerent necessity shall not be made the pretext for more than the smallest possible interference with neutral commerce. In continuing its insistence, it suffers the disadvantage of being unwilling to take, if necessary, extreme measures in order to enforce its position. The notion of seriously threatening Great Britain as long as she is engaged in the existing war would not be tolerated for one moment by American public opinion. But if the United States because of her sympathy with the Allies is obliged finally to submit to an excessive restriction of the commercial rights and opportunities of her citizens during war, we shall at all events have learned a lesson. Pacific and neutral powers should organize for the promotion of neutral as opposed to belligerent interests. The United States alone could not seriously embarrass Great Britain at the present time without seeming to be unfriendly and grasping. But if a sufficiently large group of neutral powers joined in the protest, they could almost certainly induce even a very powerful belligerent to submit a controversy of this kind to an international tribunal. We are arguing with Great Britain over questions of law and fact which are or should be every bit as justiciable as is an ordinary action in a common law court. Some regular method should be provided for their adjudication.

RECENT proposals from South American diplomats for a congress of the neutral nations ducing a more vital sense of statesmanship and a larger grasp of the "international mind" than is our own. It may be that the political turbulence with which we associate things South American has a reverse side in a tendency to take government and statecraft with an intense seriousness rather than with the amiable dilettantism which so often characterizes us. The habit our southern neighbors seem to have of appointing as Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors trained international jurists is in interesting contrast to our preference for corporation lawyers, novelists and popular lecturers. A tendency to talk international politics in terms of international law and history rather than of the Prince of Peace and simple human kindness is also suggestive. While the pacifists of Europe are trembling lest our Secretary of State should somehow get a role to play in the peace negotiations, it is worth while to ask ourselves why most of the constructive proposals for American action are being made by representatives of an American civilization which we complacently ignore.

IT was inevitable that an administration which has a distinguished author at its head and sundry editors of weekly and daily papers at its right hand should sooner or later go into the newspaper business. After holding out less than two years the authorities at Washington have launched, through the Department of Commerce, the *Daily Commercial Report,* "a live, up-to-the-hour" paper, to quote its enthusiastic press-agent, which will print news of the Department and of the consulates and embassies. In welcoming a competitor, it is customary for a journal to point out that the new venture cannot possibly succeed; but such is not our purpose. The *Commercial Report* has solid financial backing, and with a generous free list it should secure a considerable circulation. It may be more terse and vigorous in its style than the *Congressional Record,* published by the same firm, and it cannot be less interesting than the *Daily Consular and Trade Reports* which it supplants.

WITH what emotions, we wonder, would Oliver Cromwell behold the London of 1915? In the year 1642 times were calamitous in England. She was "threatened with a Cloud of Blood, by a Civil Warre." To avert the wrath of God, both Houses of Parliament joined in a grave ordinance which decreed the suppression of public stage-plays. "Whereas publike Sports doe not well agree with publike Calamaties, nor publike Stage-Playes with the Seasons of Humiliation, this being an Exercise of sad and pious Solemnity, and the other being Spectacles of Pleasure, too com-

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and Commons in this Parliament Assembled; that while these sad Causes and set times of Humiliation doe continue, publike Stage-playes shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this Land, the profitable and seasonable Considerations of Repentance, Reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe Times of Joy and Gladnesse to these Nations." On December 30, 1914, London was still far enough from the mood of 1642 to be enjoying the following spectacles of pleasure: Cinderella, Peg O' My Heart, Sleeping Beauty Beautified, Peter Pan, The Forty Thieves, The Cockyolly Bird, Aladdin, The Earl and the Girl, Charley's Aunt, Potash and Perlmutter, Little Lord Fauntleroy. England has acquired a somewhat different attitude toward the wrath of God.

WE learn with regret that at a time when peace is none too plentiful the relations between Germany and the republic of San Marino have become strained. It was hoped that San Marino, tucked away comfortably in the midst of neutral Italy, might escape the common lot, but the German government has accused it of favoring espionage through its wireless station and has threatened to send a commission of inquiry. The microscopic republic has declined to receive the commissioners. The fat is in the fire; almost anything may happen now. For San Marino, with its twenty-two square miles of territory and its army of nine hundred and fifty men, including privates, is the bantam-weight champion of Europe and environs. It has been independent—some think excessively so—for over a thousand years. Monaco, despite its wealth, could only protest weakly when the Germans despoiled its Prince's villa; Luxemburg, with all its broad acres, scarcely made an outcry under the heel of the Teuton. But San Marino, though small for its age, is all wool and approximately a yard wide. Whatever the outcome, many people will learn with interest that the splotch of color in the Apennines is a nation and not a cartographical error.

UNSYMPATHETIC to most thinking Americans are the recently translated views of Heinrich von Treitschke on the large subject of feminism:

> History wears thoroughly masculine features; it is not for sentimental natures or for women. Of women one can say in general, that in a normal way they only acquire comprehension of law and state through their husbands.

But it is simple to take these views as novel or only a lukewarm or a negative interest. Almost reverberate prejudices hundreds of years old:

> Sit not in the midst of women; for from garments cometh a moth, and from a woman, a woman's wickedness.
>
> A silent woman is a gift of the Lord.
>
> Give not thy soul unto a woman, that she should set her foot upon thy strength.
>
> From a woman was the beginning of sin, and because of her we all die.
>
> Hast thou daughters? Give heed to their body, and make not thy face cheerful toward them.

There is nothing new about Treitschke's male egotism except its political cast. Male egotism was not made in Germany.

The Tide of Reaction

THE tide of reaction which began to run last spring seems still to be rising. The elections in November showed that for the first time in ten years the voters were indifferent or hostile to progressive measures and candidates. People were suffering from the effects of business stagnation, and they attributed their mishaps and privations to administrative and legislative blundering. Since the election there has been no substantial improvement in trade. Public opinion all over the country is preoccupied by the causes of the depression; and there is a prevailing disposition to charge it to Democratic tariff legislation and in general to political agitation. The Republicans are jubilant over the prospects. Their reactionary wing has become more than ever confident. Until recently its leaders found they would have to be good in order to be popular, but now they are hoping they can be sufficiently popular without more than a pretense of being good. They are anticipating a return to power by virtue of the persuasive effect upon public opinion of such words as "safety," "sanity," "economy," and "prosperity." What kind of a platform they will build upon the support of these fluted verbal pillars has not as yet been intimated. Its specific formulation must depend upon the nature and scope of the eventual electoral triumph.

Because at the present moment the reaction is so closely associated with business depression, and business depression itself is associated with tariff revision, progressives must not infer that the new tariff is the only unpopular phase of progressivism. The elections showed a reaction all along the line—a reaction not merely against the Wilson Democracy but against those parts of the progressive program in which Mr. Wilson has shown

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of being progressive was rejected by a decisive majority. The voters exhibited emphatic disapproval of all attempts at political reorganization, and for any but the most moderate plans of economic and social reform. Whenever they recognized a symptom of progressive ferment they buried it under a pile of negative votes.

So far as this hostile movement of public opinion amounts only to an automatic and senseless reaction, progressives have no cause to be alarmed. If the Republican party seeks to take advantage of it to revive any of the old abuses or to dissipate any of the recent achievements in progressive political and social legislation, it will itself soon be submerged. In spite of the tide of reaction, American voters are far more interested in the realization of positive political and social purposes than they were ten years ago, and they will soon desert a party which is reactionary in behavior or which is wholly indifferent to the manifest needs of political and industrial reorganization. They do not consider the progressive movement as an attempt, engineered by a group of agitators and empirics, to graft an exotic growth on American political and economic life. They know it to be an honest, if confused and blundering, effort to adapt traditional impulses and ideals to the unprecedented contemporary social needs. American public opinion most assuredly remains loyal to the idea of a continuing forward movement. The existing reaction seeks to discipline progressivism rather than to destroy it. The mere circumstance of temporary unpopularity is not important. Its causes and meaning are important. Progressives should ponder what they have done to deserve popular reprobation.

The majority of progressives will feel that they have done nothing to deserve the withdrawal of popular confidence; but in this they are mistaken. Of course they have not deserved the same kind of reprobation that many of the Old Guard of business and politics formerly deserved. They have not been culpable in consciously cultivating a private interest at the public expense. Yet they should have enough candor to admit that hitherto they have been found wanting in another and equally critical respect. Progressives as a body have not as yet proved equal to their job. They have not gathered as much zeal, as much unity of purpose and spirit and as much effectiveness of method as they need to serve their higher conception of the public interest. They have been fundamentally right in associating a positive program of social legislation with an increasing popular participation in responsible industrial and political work, and they have popularized and legislative mechanism, and have consequently impoverished the moral and intellectual impulse underlying the progressive propaganda.

The immediate failure which the voters were chastising at the last election was chiefly a failure of method. The realized progressive program was found to be very expensive. The tendency of the tariff reductions to injure business was more evident than the benefits to the consumer. The dissolution of the most powerful trusts was gratifying to the small producer, but if anything it has increased the cost of living. While our government was spending more money, and taxes were becoming vastly more burdensome, any commensurately beneficial results were at least doubtful. The progressives had promoted expenditure before they organized economy. Government by administrative commission was proving to be meddlesome and officious largely because of the very inferior quality of most of the commissioners. Direct popular government, in so far as it prevailed, was not an entirely satisfactory substitute for government by responsible parties. It organized minority rather than majority rule, and complicated still further a system which was already trying to accomplish too much by the agency of votes. In their zeal to eradicate abuses, progressives had been betrayed into the adoption of inefficient and only semi-efficient remedies.

The failure of the method was indicative of a deficiency of understanding and an infirmity of purpose. Progressivism had become popular during the muck-raking period, when it was possible to associate conservatism with crookedness. The progressives were bound together chiefly by the abuses they denounced and by the enemies they had made. They could be unanimously enthusiastic about driving the special interest from politics, destroying the power of the bosses, regulating the public utility companies and breaking up the trusts; but they were not similarly unanimous about the program of reconstruction and its formative purpose. Progressives still cherished the widest possible differences of opinion as to the meaning of the movement and the nature of its essential work. President Wilson has indeed been enormously successful in uniting the Democrats upon a definite program; but the program is as limited as it is definite, and in the absence of the limitation the union would disappear. Democrats have been persuaded into the support of certain progressive measures by the aid of a plausible but uncandid attempt to convert progressivism into a Jeffersonian Democratic revival. Thus the immediate success has been gained by the introduction of a still deeper confusion of thought and un-

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The progressives must then reconstruct progressivism before they can reconstruct American political and industrial institutions. After the tide of reaction is spent they are likely to be confronted by a new conservatism much less vulnerable than the old, and much more competent to deal realistically with modern political and social needs. The old insurgency, the old denunciations of predatory wealth and corrupt bosses, will have lost some of their power and meaning. The progressives will need more than ever the bond of a common faith, a common interpretation of their faith, and a common program; and they will need, quite as much as a common faith, a highly adequate method of carrying it out. If progressives are going to rule they must know how to rule. One of the great obstacles to socialism, so its enemies have said, has been the socialists. The progressives must not allow themselves to be one of the great obstacles to progressivism.

Art and Popularity

AT the basis of Anglo-Saxon morality there lies the grand assumption that self-sacrifice is the most praiseworthy of human motives. It is therefore natural that the literary world should not yet have recovered from its surprise at the candid essay on "The Artist and the Public," which Mr. Arnold Bennett has included in his latest volume of articles, entitled "The Author's Craft."

Presumably sick of the complacence with which all Englishmen regard the sacrifices that have been imposed on artists, Mr. Bennett plays the rôle of bull in England's moral china shop. "No artist," he bellows, "was ever assisted in his career by the yoke, by servitude, by enforced monotony, by overwork, by economic inferiority." It is all very well, he says, for a smug plutocratic nobleman to prescribe starvation for authors. It is all very well for *dilettanti* to repudiate the world of men at large, to refuse to see the connection between art and money, to take refuge in aestheticism, to scorn normal life, to give themselves up to "a genuine feverish morbid interest in art." But for himself, as for greater artists, he claims the need of success, of popularity, of immediate returns. No three years on oatmeal for him, no naked shivering nights on Parnassus. Be wily, he counsels. Tickle, cajole, seduce. Get round the public by ingenuity and guile. Go very little further than is quite safe. "You can only do one man's modest share in the education of the public." Only put into the trappings of the time as much of your eternal self as they will safely hold. If you try to do more, you conceited and impractical fool. You are probably the latter if you fail to obtain "the fair reward" of your work. You think it noble to keep your hands clean? You pride yourself on your "shrinking scorn"? You are merely a coward who refuses to admit that "the earth is the earth, and the world the world, and men men." Your attitude leads to "preciosity and futility." "Full of grievance against the whole modern planet," you will be morbid and "brilliantly peculiar," "fit only to fall into gentle ecstasies over the work of artists less sensitive" than yourself.

These are bitter words, but Mr. Bennett reinforces them from the story of George Meredith. It is with acute pleasure that he proves George Meredith to have been embittered by the lack of popularity, to have envied highly-paid George Eliot, to have admitted openly "the futility of writing what will not be immediately read." It is with personal satisfaction that he records: "Meredith subdued his muse, and Meredith wrote potboilers, because he was a first-class artist and a man of profound common sense."

For its detestation of the shibboleth of self-sacrifice, which has made Anglo-Saxon synonymous with hypocrite everywhere, it is hard not to delight in these words of Mr. Bennett. He, at any rate, indulges in no "dishonest nonsense" about popularity. He has courted popularity and won it. He has aimed at commercial success and achieved it. And he flatters himself that in doing this he has merely sacrificed inessentials so that he might retain essentials. Even, he implies slily, he has put himself mysteriously into his potboilers.

There is, however, one flaw in all this brave practicality of Arnold Bennett. Accepting his testimony that the public *est une grande réalité, comme la guerre,* how does it happen that he is a Socialist? If his socialism means anything, it means that he is dissatisfied with two prejudices of the ordinary public mind—first, the prejudice that society is incorrigible, and secondly, the prejudice that commercialism is fair. The public may, in his own phrase, be an obdurate reality, yet he believes in defying it. Commercialism may be the existing code, yet he believes in undermining and destroying it. He believes in denying that rewards are now fairly distributed, or that commercial success is any testimony to a man's genuine social worth.

In practicing in literature the standards of bourgeois Staffordshire, Mr. Bennett has proved to his own satisfaction that he is just as good a man, commercially speaking, as any manufacturer of pots and plates. He has lived up to his inherited morality. He has proved himself no prig, no snob, no sentimentalist, but a lusty money-making man

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evidence that George Meredith, like himself, wrote potboilers, another "man of profound common sense."

That Meredith was an extraordinarily disinterested psychologist, no more capable of demanding "immediate popularity" for the vast proportion of his work than any other specialist, is ignored by Mr. Bennett. He simply blinks the fact that in the existing state of society there must be disinterested men who shall suffer from economic maladjustment or perjure themselves. Forgetting he is a Socialist, he says that a man who disregards public opinion is a conceited and impractical fool, a morbid ass, a snob and a sentimentalist.

Very good indeed is it for prigs to be told to tickle, cajole, seduce. But as a practical course for all original artists, especially artists emancipated from Mr. Bennett's underlying superstition that self-respect demands monetary success, it is singularly like the advice with which Mr. Bennett and other Socialists were nauseated in England for many years.

Re-creating Mr. Wilson

THE task of re-creating Woodrow Wilson in the image of the *Saturday Evening Post* was undertaken last week by that accomplished journalist, Mr. Samuel G. Blythe; on Jackson Day at Indianapolis Mr. Wilson made the attempt in his own behalf. Coming as they did within a few days of each other, the interview and the speech were a veritable blast of humanity. They seemed almost to be a concerted attempt at crushing out what Mr. Blythe describes as "a general disposition to regard the President as a thinking machine, as a large and brilliant but gelid intellect, incased in a non-responsive and highly insulated covering." To dispel this popular mistake Mr. Blythe came near taking an affidavit that the President is human, and Mr. Wilson himself fidgeted through his speech at Indianapolis as if he were aware at every sentence that the curse of the highbrow was upon him.

That the effort to exorcise the curse is deliberate can hardly be doubted. Interviews with a President are carefully planned, and the manuscript is O.K.'d before publication. The White House may therefore be presumed to have been aware of what this particular interview was aimed to accomplish. It was aimed to "humanize" the President. This also was the genius of the Jackson Day speech. Gone was the old elegance, that style so rounded and carefully shaded and traditionally correct that it seemed fit to be inscribed with what his "style," to turn his eloquence, which suggests knee-breeches, wigs and lace ruffles, into something which would penetrate that ultimate terror of the statesman, a smoking-room full of the boys. On that hypothesis alone are we to explain his announcement that "when some great dailies not very far from where I am temporarily residing thundered with rising scorn at watchful waiting, Woodrow sat back in his chair and chuckled."

Mr. Wilson seems to have agreed to the superstition that intelligence and humanity are difficult to reconcile, and that for political purposes "humanity" is the better alternative. But temperamentally this choice is not an easy one. Being a man of limited vitality, limited, that is, in relation to the heartbreaking size of his office, he must conserve himself. In spite of Mr. Blythe's assurances that "his passion is the people—the real people," contact with men seems to be an enormous nervous drain upon him. At the Indianapolis reception where handshaking was inflicted upon him, the newspapers say that he greeted each person with a hand-clasp and a smile, but that he did not speak. He didn't bubble over with exuberance, and there may have been a slight chill in the atmosphere. What this would signify is not that Mr. Wilson is a cold, logical machine, but that he is a man easily wearied who has to conserve his strength.

The quality of reacting vividly to a thousand varying stimuli, of showing an unflagging interest in the surroundings, the sense of abounding energy—these are endowments which democracies ask of their leaders. They get them, usually at an enormous price, in the glad-handing, shallow, mechanically exuberant manner which goes with being a "politician." The price is a general thoughtlessness, ideas fragmentary and haphazard, picked up in intervals of laughing and slapping on the back and inquiring with insincere affection about your constituent's wife's uncle's second cousin. Mr. Wilson hasn't the strength to carry on this tradition, even if he had the will.

But the qualities of his constitution seem to work against him in another way. In the technical language of philosophy one might say that he prefers to learn from concepts rather than percepts. He is an intellectualist; he does not take in the world through his senses and feelings, the world comes to him strained through ideas. He is more at home among ideas than he is among the facts from which they are drawn. When people speak of him as inaccessible, this in all probability is what they mean. If Mr. Wilson wishes to know something, he has not time and strength to rub up against great numbers of people,

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and generalize badly. A mind as well disciplined as Mr. Wilson's suffers agony in the midst of a chaotic and disorganized conversation. A mind like his can, or at least thinks it can, learn what it needs from books, from reflection, quiet observation, and the careful talk of a few trusted and intimate friends.

So, too, with the "great emotions" which he misses in the Republican party, which, according to Mr. Blythe, the country misses in him. It would be absurd to imagine that Woodrow Wilson's external coldness is due to insensibility. In all probability it is due to extreme sensitiveness, to a thin skin rather than a thick one. He is the kind of man who has to screen himself, to select his impressions and soften their impact. He cannot "let himself go," not because he lacks feeling, but because he is not robust enough to withstand the strain of allowing himself to feel too deeply. Irritation and shock hurt a mind as delicate as his far more than minds resting on a firmer animal organism. He has to live in a kind of spiritual seclusion. Within it he no doubt feels deeply for human liberty, for the "real people." But the liberty and the people have been translated into terms of the mind, they have become ideas, and it is to these ideas far more than to actual men and women that his emotions go out. This probably is the only way a sensitive man without the genius of vitality can live in the President's office. It is the necessary compromise for a reflective nature when it faces such terrifying responsibilities.

Mr. Wilson's problem seems to be: Given this kind of temperament, how am I, without breaking through my necessary seclusion, to reach the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post?* It is not an easy problem to solve, but at least we can say this: Not by talking slang, not by pretending that we are living in those paleolithic times when men identified a political party with national salvation. Above all not by playing golf. No one can establish his humanity by playing golf. On this point Theodore Roosevelt's instinct may be regarded as infallible. He does not play golf, and when some one asked him whether he would follow Ex-President Taft's example, he is reported to have spoken straight from the heart of our people when he replied that he was not feeble-minded enough as yet to go chasing a white pill around a meadow.

If slang, partisanship, Sam Blythe's word and golf won't arouse popular enthusiasm, what will? As members of that people whom Mr. Wilson loves, we beg him first of all to read "The New Freedom," to give us a little of that "pitiless publicity" which perished about two weeks after Mr. know so little about them. The American people are not in his confidence. They have not been called upon to help him to rouse themselves for him; they have been asked to approve an amazing efficiency in dealing with Congress, but they have no sense of having shared in a great triumph. The approval of Mr. Wilson is there, but it lacks the warmth that can come only from a comradeship in arms.

Then, too, while Mr. Wilson may be perfectly sincere in thinking he has "emancipated" business, no fireworks are going to be set off about it. Most Americans may be glad of a "rest," but they do not share Mr. Wilson's complacency and his extravagant estimate of the benefits which Democratic legislation has conferred upon us. Not only has he announced that the struggle between private and public interests is over and happily settled, he has assumed that the good old Democratic party is now a fine "instrument" for the intelligent voter. But where? In New York? Massachusetts? Illinois? In the solid South? To come to us in the year 1915 with the partisanship of the Jackson Day speech is not a way of attaching our noblest sympathies.

What people miss most of all in Mr. Wilson is the imaginative and daring initiative which risks a great deal and clinches a great decision. In a year when men have felt more deeply than they have for a generation, he speaks to us of party complacency and partisan defiances. The enthusiasm of people doesn't depend on whether he tells funny stories, has human weaknesses, or feels the poetry of a moonlit night. Taft was more human than humanity, and it didn't help him. But when a people is living in a world crisis, it doesn't want to be told to vote the Democratic ticket. When it is listening for a trumpet-call, it turns away bored from a stump speech.

The Future of the Socialist Party

PARTIES, like men, resent the thing they are and revere the thing they believe they were. They change, but deny change. The Democratic party, while attacking national problems in a national way, believes that it believes in states' rights, and piously misquotes Jefferson and Jackson as the Republicans misquote Abraham Lincoln. Even more backward-longing is the Socialist party, which, though now seeking to become a widely democratic, moderate, responsible party, a party of proletarians and non-proletarians alike, still clings to

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revolutionary rage, little is left but a sullen acerbity, and a suspicious hatred toward opponents and heretics.

We find this acerbity and this hatred in an eight-column attack upon our editorial of December twelfth on "Socialist Degeneration," which has just appeared in the New York *Call* over the signature of Mr. William J. Ghent. We have already printed and analyzed Mr. Ghent's statistics, but we are curiously interested in the innuendo and open denunciation with which this logician ekes out his argument. He accuses THE NEW REPUBLIC of seeking maliciously to destroy the Socialistic party. But in truth we have no such desire. Despite its infirmities of reason and temper, despite its erratic policy and dogmatic yet uncertain pronouncements, despite the fact that it is a party facing both ways, and not permitting one face to gaze upon the other, it is still a hopeful manifestation of our political life. Its errors are less of the heart than of the head, and its enthusiasm, its self-sacrifice, and its occasional spurts of courage more than compensate for its obstinacy in misrepresentation and for a certain mendacity born of fanaticism. The Socialist party offers an opportunity to hundreds of little groups all over the country to educate themselves in public meeting if not in public affairs. It is a great reservoir of democratic feeling and one of the leading popular universities in America. We should regard the destruction of the Socialist party at this time or in the near future not as a misfortune but as a calamity.

We shall not expect Mr. Ghent to give credence to our good intentions and earnest assurances. Yet, though denunciatory and suspicious, Mr. Ghent is in some respects as courteous a disputant as Mrs. Malaprop herself, for no sooner does he refute our arguments to his entire satisfaction than he generously concedes them to be right. In fact, he almost overdoes his complaisance. We claimed that the Socialist party was "appealing to farmers, middlemen and small capitalists as well as to wage-earners," in the very act of denying which Mr. Ghent admits that Socialism does "appeal to the men of the soil," and does "make its appeal to humane men and women in every walk of life." The Socialist party is in fact becoming a "vague, ungeneralized, democratic organization," addressing itself not alone to men who are exploited by wages but to the masses generally; appealing, moreover, not on the basis of the class war between proletarian and capitalist, but on the basis of justice, humanity, social solidarity, and the needs and the power of masses far broader than the proletariat.

Let us see how this all-important development—denied and conceded at once—has taken place. letariat was imminent. By the proletariat Marx meant, not "the humane men and women in every walk of life," the college presidents, financiers, mugwumps and settlement workers, but the exploited wretched propertyless wage-earners, compelled to sell their labor-power in order to live. This very specific class, "the only true revolutionary class," would be self-impelled to overthrow private property in the means of production, and it would be able to do so. For not only was this proletariat the "overwhelming majority" of the population, but it was to be reinforced yearly by numberless shopkeepers, peasants and small manufacturers, who, though in their present situation reactionary, would become revolutionists when ruined by competition and tumbled into the ranks of the proletariat. Against such a breeding, crowding mass nothing could stand. But neither now nor then, neither in America nor in the chief industrial countries of Europe, does this proletariat actually form an "overwhelming majority," nor in fact a majority at all. Less than 40 per cent of the adult males of the United States are in receipt of wages, and of these a large proportion is immune to Socialist agitation. Many are farmers' sons, who, though earning wages, hope themselves to acquire land. Others are ambitious to become shopkeepers. Millions of proletarians—negroes, recent immigrants, migratory workers—are in law or in fact disfranchised, and others are too isolated or too ignorant and apathetic to have any proletarian ideals whatsoever. Finally, among wage-earners, differences of race, language, religion, locality, political tradition undermine unity, and a cleavage widens between the skilled artisans and the unskilled workers. Between the locomotive engineer and the negro track-layer there is as deep a gulf as between engineer and railroad president.

The Socialist party thus faces the problem of how, with a minority of the proletariat, itself a minority of the voters, it can attain to political power and overthrow all the legal and constitutional barriers of capitalism. It is not an accidental problem, but inherent in the facts of our economic life. Nor is it temporary, for though the proletariat grows, other social classes, farmers, shopkeepers, little stockholders in large corporations, increase simultaneously. The chance of a peaceful Socialist revolution through the ballots of wage-earners grows slimmer.

As a consequence, even wage-earners who are class-conscious do not always vote the Socialist ticket. They fear to "throw away their votes"; they would rather get what they can from the Democratic party than be promised what cannot be given them by the Socialist party. The Socialist

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achieve immediate success has little appeal to wage-earners anxious to have something done for them. Rightly or wrongly, wage-earners believe that they can gain more by bargaining with the two great parties, offering their votes in return for legislation, than by standing courageously for a party with high principles, but which cannot escape from permanent impotence except by making an appeal to the very classes to which the so-called "capitalistic" parties appeal.

If a party cannot get what it wants it usually ends by taking what it can get. For a political party, especially in America, has a hard struggle to exist, and if it is to survive at all must gain and keep adherents. A group of scholars may stand indefinitely for a program which cannot be realized for centuries, but a political party must keep itself going and must be strong enough to prevent its capture by those innumerable half-sane enthusiasts who attach themselves to all weak movements, and ruin them. Personal ambitions, low and high, obvious and subtle, are the very stuff of which parties are made, and these ambitions in a revolutionary party drive it into vote-getting, into a policy of strengthening the party by weakening its platform. To secure the adherence of men who, however "humane," are themselves small property owners, the party platform must be so changed as to protect such property. The inevitable result is the democratic "degeneration," of which Syndicalists speak, but whether it be called degeneration or reformation or regeneration, it is in fact a subtle change in nature, a change rooted, as we have seen, in fundamental conditions.

For years, therefore, we shall probably witness a development, which is already proceeding, in the direction of an appeal by the Socialist party, not alone to the proletariat, "the only truly revolutionary class," but to all voters, irrespective of class, who are in favor of a more or less gradual change towards a greater measure of political and industrial democracy. The party will doubtless become increasingly opportunistic, less revolutionary in tone, less dogmatic in utterance, more apologetic, more matter-of-fact. It will spend less time in denouncing "capitalists" and more in denouncing "great capitalists"; will forgive the farmer his farm and the shopkeeper his shop; will deny or explain away the class-war theory and other divisive doctrines; will build up a machine as other parties have done, and will compete with these other parties for the suffrages of the people. It will have the advantages, but it will also have the drawbacks, of a nearer approach to responsibility. No longer can the party enthusiastically proclaim that white is whiter than black and industrial freedom preferable better than the law proposed by Republicans or Democrats, and is more likely to be adopted.

And this means internal conflict. There are earnest men in the Socialist party who are not in the least ambitious to elect a Socialist mayor in Gulfport, Florida, or Eagle Bend, Minnesota, nor for that matter in New York City or Chicago, but wish to fight only for the immediate and complete emancipation of the proletariat. These rebels, who appeal to party traditions—for even a revolutionary party has traditions—will be suppressed but not silenced by the majority of practical socialists, wiser in their day. But the party will long carry with it this internal dissension, and will find it more difficult to adjust itself to very concrete political exigencies, requiring immediate compromises, because its own children of the light, filled with party piety and the sense of the impending revolution, will impede the adjustment at every point.

Here our prophecy ends, if it is a prophecy, or indeed anything more than a writing large in the future of what is written small to-day. Whether the new Socialist party, in process of becoming, will attain to dominance or be thrown back by some other better equipped democratic party, less impeded by convictions and traditions, thrown back again upon a policy of criticism and mere aspiration, cannot now be foretold. In any case we shall in America doubtless succeed to some strong democratic organization with advanced social ideals, just as at all times we shall have minor groups, hardly deserving the name of party, the "impossibilists" of to-day and perhaps the forerunners and prophets of a distant to-morrow. Whether, however, the democratic socialized party for which we are looking is to spring from the loins of the Republican, the Democratic, the Progressive, the Socialist, or some other party not yet born is a matter for comparative indifference.

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Austria in the Future

WHATEVER the remote and complicated causes of the great war may have been, it is patent that the direct occasion was the conviction of Austrian statesmen that the consequences of the two Balkan wars had imperilled the Hapsburg empire. The new and greater Servia, which had arisen south of the Danube, was frankly and publicly proclaiming its intention to play the rôle of Sardina, to liberate the southern Slavs, to build a province of Slavdom on the Adriatic, which could only come with Austrian ruin.

After nearly six months of war it is now possible to estimate something of the results for Austria of her decision for war. Nor is it possible to mistake these consequences. In Galicia, in Bukovina, in Servia, Austrian armies have been routed, destroyed, the whole fabric of the Hapsburg empire has been shaken, and it can no longer be questioned that whatever peace may bring for other nations, it must bring a sweeping change for the Dual Kingdom. Provinces must be surrendered to Russia, to Rumania, to Servia and to Italy, the whole internal organization of the Austro-Hungarian empire must be remodeled in favor of the Slavs, and finally, it is possible that in the storm the whole empire will disappear, as has long been forecasted.

Examining the problems of the Austrian future, it is possible to discuss them under three separate divisions, dealing first with the provinces that must be lost, second, with the racial and political questions of the territories that will remain, third, with the possibilities of dissolution and its consequences.

First of all, it is plain that Galicia and Bukovina, now almost wholly in the hands of the Russians, will be lost. That Russia will cede Bukovina, with its Latin population, to Rumania as a reward for Rumanian assistance later is possible and probable. But what is certain is that the 8,250,000 Poles and Ruthenians of the Galician province will hereafter belong to Russia, the Russian frontier will rest upon the Carpathians, the natural rampart of the Slav empire, and the eastern frontier of Austria will return to the limits of the period before the partition of Poland. Galicia and Bukovina will represent a territorial loss of 35,000 square miles and 9,000,000 inhabitants.

Next in order is the disposition of Transylvania. Here the population is mainly Rumanian, 1,500,000 out of 2,500,000. Geographically, Transylvania belongs to the eastern Roman state, whose present [illegible] Historically it is a [illegible] sent thither the colonists to whom the Rumanians trace their descent. Finally the Hungarian nation, which has long ruled here, has earned the deserved hatred of the Rumanian population by employing precisely the methods which made Austrian rule odious in Italy. That Rumania will presently enter the war, occupy Transylvania, and thus add 21,000 square miles to its present area is inevitable.

That Bosnia, Herzegovina and southern Dalmatia will similarly fall to Servia and Montenegro is equally beyond debate. The population is Serb; before the Turk came Serb monarchs ruled this land. It was Servian ambition to possess these provinces that provoked the war, which for Austria has been one long disaster. Victorious Russia is not likely to pause now until the 2,000,000 Slavs inhabiting these provinces are freed. For Austria this means the loss of some 20,000 square miles.

Finally, Italy is not likely to let the Trentino and Trieste, with its Italian populations, escape her, now that the great opportunity to complete Italian unification is within her grasp. The Trent district of the Tyrol, Trieste and the Istrian province, approximately 8,000 square miles and 1,000,000 people, are the smallest share Italy will demand. Unquestionably she will also press her claim to Dalmatia, but this raises other questions to be considered later.

In sum, then, Austria-Hungary must now face the probability of losing some 83,000 square miles, roughly a third of her territory, having approximately 14,500,000 inhabitants. Of the latter nearly 11,000,000 are Slavs, 2,000,000 Rumanians, 750,000 Italians and the balance Hungarians and Saxons of Transylvania. Thus despoiled, Austria-Hungary will have an area of 178,000 square miles, a seventh less than France, with a population of 37,000,000. Grave as these losses must be, it is still patent that there is left a considerable territory, possessing all the requisites of a great nation, provided only there can be found some basis for reconciling the hostilities and rivalries of the various nationalities.

Racially the peoples in Austria-Hungary, after she has paid the inevitable price of unsuccessful war, will divide thus: Slavs, 14,250,000, Germans, 12,000,000, Hungarians, 9,500,000, Rumanians, 1,250,000. Politically, of course, there will remain the two kingdoms, Austria and Hungary. But Russia has already indicated her determination to put an end to that system by which 8,000,000 Slavs in Austria and 6,000,000 in Hungary are de-

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Hungarian majorities. Nothing is more certain than that the Czechs of Bohemia, once peace has come, perhaps before, will successfully assert their rights, claim equality with the Germans and the Hungarians, and demand that Bohemia take her place beside the other two states in any future federation.

Nor are the 4,500,000 Serbs, Croats, Slovenes in the Adriatic provinces of both Austria and Hungary less likely to demand their independence of German and Magyar masters. Hapsburg statesmen must decide between surrendering them to the new Servia, which is bound to claim them and continue for them the campaigns made before for Bosnia, and binding them to the crown by giving them representation and unity.

Briefly, then, if Austria is to endure, it is inevitable that there should be a new political organization, a new system of federation, which would give separate existence to the 9,000,000 northern Slavs in Bohemia, Moravia and northern Hungary, and to the 4,500,000 southern Slavs along the Adriatic. This would mean four states, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Croatia, a federal system of the sort familiar to all Americans. Such an agreement would not remove all the difficulties, the racial map is too intricate for that. It would include some 3,500,000 Germans in Bohemia, unless Silesia with a million Germans were assigned to Germany; it would put some 2,500,000 Rumanians and Slavs under a Hungarian rule; but in Austria and Croatia it would erect two states each having a common language and peopled by men of the same race. In addition it would liberate 9,000,000 of northern Slavs.

If such a federal system prove impossible, then it is clear that at last Austria must end in ruin. Hungary will finally gain her complete independence. Bohemia, Moravia, with the Slav districts of Hungary, will become a new Slav state under Russian protection. Croatia, Slavonia, Carniola and southern Styria will go to the new Servian state. Austria and Silesia, with 10,500,000 Germans, will inevitably turn toward the Germans of the north.

But this last contingency, the dissolution of the Hapsburg empire, opens an illimitable vista of future conflicts. Immediately the Italians and the southern Slavs will quarrel for the possession of Dalmatia, Venetian and Roman by history, Slav by population and language. The Slav state of Bohemia will be a Russian sword thrust into the very heart of Germany, an intolerable menace, made more galling by the fact that some 2,500,000 Germans in this new state will be subject to precisely the persecutions the Czechs have long suffered. Finally Hungary, at the mercy of her more fortunate neighbors.

To halt the southern Slavs Italy may well prefer to forego her claim upon Dalmatia. For Germany with the Bohemian danger in view, the preservation of Austria as a state must be a matter of life and death. For Hungary, however bitter her wrath at recent disasters and eventual territorial losses, the prospect of independence with the loss of a window on the sea, must go a long way toward reconciling her to a continuation of her association with the Hapsburg state. Russia, for her part, once the Slavs of Austria-Hungary gain political freedom, can afford to give her support to an Austrian federation, if only to protect the southern Slavs from Italian domination.

Once more it is plain that the old phrase, "Were there no Austria, it would be necessary to make one," stands. Shorn of many of her outer provinces, her internal system radically reorganized, Austria seems bound to endure despite her defeats; but hardly as a great power, since many years must pass before real national unity can be won for the new federal association, and in these years the Germans of the north, the Slavs of the south, will unquestionably be influenced by the attraction toward the larger associations of their race brothers in Servia and Germany. But to believe that Austria is to dissolve is to believe that the present conflict is but the prelude to a long series of wars, waged between the many nations and races who are heirs-at-law or in history to the Hapsburg estate.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Continental Cultures

AMERICAN opinion in its anxiety to find who struck the match that started the blaze of war has tended to ignore the nature and quantity of the fuel. There could have been no war without those latent and brooding national feelings which the occasion touched off into flaming passion. Governments might start the conflict, but no government on earth, not even the most absolute, could keep it going with that intense animus of which every day's news gives evidence. Only a collective consciousness could do this, a consciousness, deeper than anything the individuals could articulate in words, that something is being defended or asserted in value far beyond mere material wealth. Here in America we hear only the attempts of individuals to express this feeling. The chief reason why American opinion goes so heavily to the English side is that the English are articulating themselves not in the language of national feeling, but in the language of morality, which

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democracy, the German considerations of *Kultur* sound to us almost grotesquely unreal, fantasies of ideals and ideas. And when we do not understand people, we, of course, if we are human, suspect either their sincerity or their sanity.

The point that generally escapes us is that this English interpretation is unique. If the French felt the need of justifying their place in the war, or if we could get at the apologetic of the other Continental nations, we should find that they all tended to interpret themselves in the terms which the Germans are using, that is, in terms of national culture rather than morality. In failing to appreciate this fact, American opinion is bartering away its opportunity to judge of the directing animus of the war for an easy and superficial explanation in terms of personal wickedness. We have succumbed to the temptation of feeling holy. We have put our appreciations outside of certain deep currents of the destiny of Western civilization. We are staggered at the emotional running-amuck of the German professors; but what are we to say of our own professors, who exhibit an emotional shallowness and defective social psychology which are even less defensible?

In the popular American mind "culture" means a priggish admiration for the art and literature which is esoteric to the general public. Whether this idea is a natural reaction against the artificial pursuit of foreign and antique cultures, or a democratic protest against the invidiousness implied by the Matthew Arnold cult, the prejudice makes it very difficult to talk intelligibly in this country about "national cultures." Yet we have no better term to express that compound of temperamental traits, moral attitudes, artistic styles, literary values, customs, manners, which make the various nations, or groups of nations, so strikingly different one from another. We know that they are different, but we tend constantly to ignore how extraordinarily tough and homogeneous each cultural fabric is. We talk as if we thought of the French merely as human beings living in a geographical section known as France. It is something of a shock to be immersed in France and discover that the people are French human beings, with a whole system of values and attitudes which weave together into a pattern quite different from our own. Their very minds move differently. Words and phrases show themselves as quite untranslatable, simply because we Anglo-Saxons do not look at the world in the same way, have not so plotted out our experience. The parts of their map of life are colored differently from ours. Our different languages are not simply different sounds for the same ideas and conceptions. They actually embody different consciousness and strongly marked personality, but

Through an interweaving of sociological and physical causes too complex to unravel, national cultures have grown up side by side in Europe. Some subtle influence stamps everything, from look of town and countryside to personality of the individual, with the national quality. A forest in France is a French forest, unmistakably, uniquely. A German village is a village with a design and personality of its own. It is the intense self-consciousness of a common culture, of common language, attitudes and appreciations, which binds a Continental people together. It is this that they value and which they wish to assert. Rulers are not thought of as individuals governing other individuals, but as agents of this common will and desire. A dynastic house is a symbol of the struggle and evolution of this common consciousness. These are the terms in which the political and social thinking of the Continent is carried on. It bespeaks a somewhat childish ignorance of social psychology to pretend that this feeling is all a delusion carefully cultivated for sinister purposes by Machiavellian rulers.

We are all aware how enormous has been the growth of this cultural self-consciousness during the last forty years, since the attainment of German and Italian political unity, both intense cultural unities. The spread of education has carried the national values to classes untouched before. Growing economic and industrial power has brought the nations into sharp competition, and thus has given them a sharper sense of the necessity of asserting themselves. It has been assumed that improved means of communication, trade and intercourse would all operate to break down national differences. But contact with groups with values and attitudes different from our own may produce not sympathy but a keener realization of our own values and a deeper irritation at the alien ones. This seems to be what has happened. Business, machinery, technical methods, costume, have become uniform over Europe. But artistic styles, literary values, moral attitudes, habits of thought, even manners, have remained stubbornly national. The objective, mechanical, impersonal side of civilization has been tending to uniformity. The subjective, spiritual, stylistic, valuational side has remained intensely diverse. Now this is exactly as it should be. For however loosely we talk about internationalism, nobody desires the slow washing out of diverse values into a colorless European mass. The present diversity makes for a vastly richer and more vivid world. All these tendencies promise a more superb Europe, a sort of mutual society of national cultures, each possessing self-consciousness and strongly marked personality, but

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ing movement, clearing the way for this more conscious, intenser world. The nineteenth century may be looked upon as a long travail, a groping toward self-consciousness. Old, long-forgotten national cultures like the Irish and the Bohemian have had a reawakening, and are insisting on asserting themselves. The war has thrown all these national cultures into the furnace. Each looks eagerly towards emerging magnified in the eyes of the world. The little cultures look forward, too, to their place in the sun. A great wave of consciousness seems to be sweeping the European world.

The urgency of reconstruction, then, is that political nationality should be made to coincide with cultural unity. Owing to the mixtures of peoples and the hybrids of cultures and the fringes on the boundaries, this is, of course, a remote ideal rather than an immediately realizable solution. It must be the first step towards any permanent peace. It would not guarantee peace, but it would remove all the ferment of hatred and jealousy and revenge and sense of wrongs which has turned this new European consciousness into destructive rather than constructive energy. Once given a healthy and contained body, these cultures would have opportunity to grow and flourish unperturbed and undeflected. The argument is that this national feeling has not only provided the real animus of the war, but is also neither illusory nor deplorable. The Continental peoples are not deluded, but have hold of a reality. The tendencies which they are working out are exactly those which hold the brightest promise for a twentieth century Western civilization.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

Minimum Wage in Practice

THE first industry in which the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission has established a legal minimum wage is the brush industry. It is one well calculated to afford a practical test of the theory. Although comparatively small, it gives rise to the chief problems that would occur in the same connection in any of the great staple industries of the country. The Massachusetts brush manufacturer is subject to keen competition not only from other domestic and foreign manufacturers, but also, in the cheaper grades of the article, from several state prisons and penitentiaries. Secondly, the labor employed in the industry is largely immigrant and highly cosmopolitan, the employees being mainly of Irish, Italian, and Jewish blood. There are more women than men among them, and the women are mostly young. In short, the conditions that prevail in this state are those which tend most to enhance the inevitable difficulties in reducing the theory of the minimum wage to practice.

Before establishing a wage board, the Commission had first to satisfy itself that the wages paid to a substantial number of female employees in the brush industry were inadequate to meet the necessary cost of living and maintain the worker in health. In order to satisfy itself that such was the case, the Commission took transcripts of the payrolls in all brush establishments for a period of one year, thus ascertaining not only the rates of pay for work performed, but also the amount of unemployment during the year and actual annual earnings.

The results indicated that the wages paid to the women in this industry were extraordinarily low, less than $6. The results also indicated that the average earnings varied markedly between different occupations within the industry, and, what is highly significant, between different establishments, even when engaged in the same class of work and drawing their supply of labor from the same locality. The Commission thereupon established a special board to consider what minimum should be fixed, consisting of six representatives of the employers and of the female employees, respectively, and three other persons representing the public.

This representative board had first to consider two questions: (1) What is the sum necessary to meet the cost of living and to maintain in health a woman employed in the Massachusetts brush industry; and (2) is the industry able to pay not less than such a sum to each female employee and itself live in a healthy condition? With respect to the cost of living, the board after due deliberation became convinced that, allowing for variations between individuals, the sum necessary is in no case less than $8 a week, and in many cases may rise to $9 or more. Whether the woman were a member of a family or entirely dependent on her own earnings was in itself a factor which in the judgment of the board made little difference in her cost of living, although of course it might make a great deal of difference in her desire to earn. Upon consideration of the financial condition of the brush industry, the board became convinced that it would not be warranted in recommending so great an increase of wages as would have been required in order to cover the cost of living in the case of every female employee. The

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the dependence on low-paid labor was so general both within and without the state, that it seemed unwise to attempt to bring about at once such a revolution as the $8 wage.

At the same time the board recognized that the industry was moving in a vicious circle. It had come to depend upon low rates of pay for labor as its chief means of keeping down costs of production and thereby meeting interstate and foreign competition. But low rates of pay had tended to make it difficult to procure an adequate supply of steady workers. Unsteady work tended to increase the costs of production, and in turn compel, so far as possible, further reductions of rates. Thus there was a constant tendency to depress the rates of pay, although lower rates of pay by no means necessarily resulted in a lower cost of labor per unit of output. The manufacturers had yet to learn that high wages and a low cost of labor may well go together.

The rate eventually determined upon by the board was a flat minimum rate of 15½ cents per hour. It further recommended that at the end of a year the board reconvene for the purpose of considering whether the industry can then afford to pay a minimum rate fully adequate to cover the cost of living. The Commission approved the minimum rate of 15½ cents per hour for the present, and the manufacturers accepted it. Henceforth any experienced woman who is employed the full time the factories are in operation, generally about fifty hours a week, may expect to earn in general not less than $7.75 a week. This is a great gain to all but the exceptionally efficient workers. A few unimportant manufacturers have not yet fully complied with the law, but they will doubtless be brought to terms by publicity.

The effects of such an increase of the rate of payment are in part immediate, and in part more or less remote. In this case the immediate effects have been to incite the manufacturers to a more careful selection of their employees for efficiency, and to increase the earnings of those employed. The manufacturer must select more efficient employees, or, for a time at least, submit to a real increase in the cost of labor. It does not follow, however, that it will be to his interest to dismiss the slower workers rather than pay them the increased rates, and fill their places with new employees. The expectancy of greater speed or ultimate skill in the new employee may be offset by the certainty of greater experience and present worth in the old. It does not pay to introduce more than a certain proportion of apprentices. In the ordinary course of events, among young working women there is a considerable amount of voluntary withdrawal from employment, and consequently a steady influx of new workers in his establishment without actually dismissing any of his less efficient workers, and without materially sacrificing his financial interests.

The establishment of the legal minimum has the further immediate effect of making employment more regular for those who are most in need of high wages. A certain proportion of working girls do not need to earn all their living, some do not actually need to work in industry at all, and many prefer to work somewhat less than a full week. Such girls can now earn what they want more quickly. Most working girls, however, want to earn all they can in a full week, and for them the establishment of the legal minimum offers the promise of steadier work. This is so, partly because the competition from less needy workers is reduced, partly because the increase of the rates of payment makes it more profitable to employ the more industrious workers steadily than to give discontinuous employment to larger numbers of less industrious workers.

One of the objections most frequently urged against the minimum wage is that the minimum will tend to become the maximum, or in other words that the employers will reduce the wages of those above the minimum in order to offset the increase in the wages of those below. This objection has never been convincing to persons who are familiar with labor conditions, since women who are worth to their employers more than the minimum wage before the minimum fixed by authority of law cannot be worth any less afterwards. With respect to the Massachusetts brush industry, it is now possible to appeal to the logic of facts. The minimum rates have been accepted, and they have not become the maximum. Workers who formerly received more than the established minimum rates have neither had their wages cut, nor have they been discharged to make room for cheaper workers. On the contrary, so far as there is a perceptible tendency towards any change, it is towards a change in the direction of higher remuneration all along the line.

Among the more remote effects of the establishment of the minimum wage is the effect on the manufacture of brushes itself. Any real increase of wages must be met in the long run either by an increase of efficiency on the part of the workers, or by the adoption of improved methods of manufacture and marketing, or by the introduction of improved machinery, or by an increase of price to the consumer. It is now too soon to know whether there will be any increase in the price of brushes or introduction of improved machinery because of the increase of wages. In the English chain industry, the first industry on that side of the water in which the legal minimum wage was established, the

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dustry we can only say that prices have not yet been raised, nor has there yet been any displacement of labor by machinery. Certainly there is a tendency to greater efficiency on the part of the employees, and doubtless there is also a tendency on the part of employers to reconsider their methods of business organization and management with a view to the adoption of more economical and efficient methods. The establishment of the minimum wage is only one element in the modern theory of scientific business management, and the forced consideration of that element stimulates the voluntary consideration of other elements.

A. N. Holcombe.

The Ship Purchase Bill

THE Ship Purchase bill has been officially declared to be the measure the passage of which at the present session is considered to be of most importance by President Wilson. He has succeeded in obtaining for it the support of the Democratic party organization, and the threat is freely made that if it is not passed, an extra session of the new Congress will be called. Many of the President's supporters dislike the measure and have been unable to understand his insistence upon it. The present article is an attempt to explain in general why the President attaches so much importance to the bill, and why he is willing to risk so much in securing its passage.

Primarily, of course, the bill is an emergency measure, intended to relieve industrial depression in this country by providing for a freer movement of American products to foreign ports. The United States has goods to sell—hundreds of millions of dollars' worth. The rest of the world wants them. There is congestion of freight at every Gulf and Atlantic port—in the grain elevators of the West, in the cotton warehouses of the South. Shipments are delayed to and from Latin-America. Ocean freight rates on the average are three times as high as they were before the war, and in some instances six times as high. The charters on four voyages to Europe will pay even the high cost of an American-built vessel. No wonder Secretary Redfield is in anguish over the tantalizing opportunity to wipe out our debt abroad. What a tremendous shift could be made in the balance of trade if we had a merchant marine!

The administration plainly regards the Ship Purchase bill as an adequate constructive measure. A corporation is to be formed which shall purchase, construct, equip, maintain and operate merchant vessels between the ports of the United States "and the ports of Central and South America and elsewhere to meet the requirements of the foreign commerce of the United States." Shippers desiring tonnage to transport goods to Europe shall be supplied with tonnage. Government lines are to be established between the United States and Latin-to privately owned vessels under the American flag. Secretary Redfield, the optimist of the administration, believes it would be possible, with the aid of our consular officials and the newly established service of commercial attachés, to perform such efficient missionary work among the exporters of Latin-America that the north-bound vessels sailing under the American flag would return with full cargo instead of coming home in ballast as they do at present. Not only will tonnage then be more nearly adequate to meet the needs of our over-sea commerce, but our ships will not be penalized by the extortionate freight charges of private ship owners.

Secretary McAdoo's investigation as to the causes of high freight rates discloses that more than 5,000,000 tons of shipping had been suddenly withdrawn from commerce through the interning of German and Austrian vessels and the commandeering of part of the merchant fleet of the Allies for military purposes. To show what a gap was made in existing means of transportation, it is stated that these vessels could transport 10,000,000 bales of the South's cotton in one voyage to Europe. Other causes contributed to the high rates. Many vessels left our Atlantic ports loaded to the Plimsoll line, but were forced to return practically empty. Others could get cargoes only one way and charged accordingly. Hull insurance for voyages across the mine fields was perforce included in charter quotations.

These are some of the reasons why ocean freight rates jumped from four shillings per ton per month, which was the average rate before the war, and close to the lowest on record, to an average of twelve shillings. Before the oubreak of the war cotton could have been shipped to Bremen at a cost of approximately $1.75 per bale. Now an exporter who obtains a rate of $15 per bale feels that he has no cause for grumbling.

Enormous as these rates are, the shippers are not complaining so much about the rates themselves. Take, for example, the $15 per bale to Bremen. The shipper buys the cotton at 7c. per pound, or $35 per bale, and pays the $15 per bale

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cotton landed at Bremen $60 per bale or 12c. per pound. Yet Bremen is willing to pay 20c. and even 22c. per pound for cotton, which would be equivalent to approximately $100 to $110 per bale. Plainly the European buyer, not the American shipper, pays the freight. The grievance of the American shipper arises from his inability to obtain tonnage even at these huge prices.

It is a desperate situation, and an administration honestly solicitous about the economic welfare of the American people should deal with it properly. But is the entrance by the government into the shipping business the proper and the sufficient remedy? Does it not bring with it dangers of international complications, and possibly disastrous ulterior consequences, which more than outweigh the immediate advantages? What is to become of these vessels when the end of the war releases a vast amount of tonnage and rates again drop to an unprofitable basis?

The answer is that the administration regards the Ship Purchase bill as something very much more than an emergency measure. The arguments made on behalf of the bill dwell more upon its permanent than its immediate value. The report of the majority of the Senate Committee states explicitly that the serious burden imposed by the war upon the American people against their will and beyond their control is not the really critical consideration. Under existing conditions, the fortunes of war or the naval interests of a belligerent may at any time stop entirely the movement of American freight. Thus the bill is fundamentally an effort to build up an American merchant marine. It is intended to supply American foreign trade with an instrument for its development. It is the Democratic retort to the ship subsidy bills of former Republican administrations. It is the fulfillment of the fine aspiration which President Wilson has always had of contributing something to the restoration of the American flag to the high seas.

The objections to this experiment in government trading are manifold and obvious; but assuming that the country really needs a merchant marine, both as a safeguard and as an agency for the development of foreign trade, what is the alternative? American capital will not invest in merchant shipping, because of the disadvantages which American vessels suffer in competition with foreign vessels. A tramp steamer, the *King David*, which had cost $123,000 to build in England, could not be duplicated in this country for less than $250,000. Two Pacific Mail steamships, the *Mongolian* and the *Manchuria,* which cost $1,850,000 each in this country, could have been built in England for $400,000 less per ship. Fixed charges, including than on those of other countries. The *David,* operated out of Gulf ports under the American flag, cost $1,235 a month in wages. The vessel was transferred to the Norwegian flag, and was operated at a wages cost of $680 a month. The navigation laws of this country require on certain steamships eleven officers against a requirement of only five on foreign ships of the same size. The standard of food on American vessels is 50 per cent more expensive than on those of our foreign competitors.

American shipbuilders and ocean carriers complain bitterly of the restrictions which the navigation laws impose upon their business; but evidently the American standard of living, for which these laws are the expression, is not going to be relaxed. On the contrary they are likely to be advanced to a still higher level. Business men who expect to secure any modification of the navigation laws which will permit American capital invested in the foreign carrying trade to compete on anything like equal terms with their foreign rivals, are indulging in an illusion. They will never succeed in securing the consent of Congress to such a sacrifice of American standards. Public opinion would prefer to do without a merchant marine than to purchase one at such a price.

If, then, a merchant marine in foreign trade is necessary as a national safeguard and as an instrument of national expansion, there are only two other ways of securing it. One is some scheme of subsidies. The other is a steamship line owned and operated by the government. The Republicans in the period of their greatest authority and at a time when business was peculiarly influential in determining political action, under the leadership of an unusually powerful man who believed absolutely in the need and the justifiability of obtaining a merchant marine by means of subsidies—the Republicans, with all these chances in their favor, failed utterly to do more than pass a subsidy bill through one branch of Congress. How much more completely would any subsidy bill fail now of passage or even of support?

There remains the plan of President Wilson, the Ship Purchase bill now before the Senate. We may well regard with distrust this attempt to impose upon the government a work and responsibility which is likely in the long run to be unprofitable, and which may bring into disfavor all government trading. We may well believe that the shipping business is one in which the government is not likely to shine in competition with foreign or domestic carriers. But whether we regard such objections as conclusive against the bill will depend upon the importance which we attach to the possession by

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Why Arizona Went Dry

ARIZONA'S election in November was more than the turning into the prohibition column of what romantic Western literature regards as the "wettest" state in the Union. Arizona went dry for sundry and natural reasons which spell a lesson to other apprehensive commonwealths. Prohibition is traditionally instituted in states by slender majorities. Those citizens who acquire the new and spreading ethical theory that drink is a general curse, seem to be about equal in number to those who stand for American personal liberty and in addition believe that a town dry hurts business. It was so in Arizona.

That state has but 68,000 voters. The state went dry by about 4,500. Some 30,000 voters were said by the "Wets" to be so dry as to be insulated against reasonable argument. They took to hostility towards liquor through both heredity and environment. Arizona has a large church-practicing population, and it was among these that the anti-saloon campaign took most virulently. They had suffered through long domination of their territorial government by the saloon politicians. In present times there had grown up a sort of saloon trust. Exactly how trustified or real this phenomenon was is not as important as the fact that a large part of the enfranchised citizenry believed in it. Their faith was bolstered up in November by the open and anguished campaign activity of the Royal Arch. Using the Bartenders' Union as an agent, this order obtained the passage through the convention of the State Federation of Labor of a "wet" resolution.

This success, however, held a flare-back. Labor unionists are as a rule "wet" because prohibition means a certain amount of unemployment. On the other hand, they are too used to parliamentary activity and too intellectually insurgent to allow any such casual political resolution as this one to bring conviction. The local unions around the state naturally and amid much passing of resolutions bolted these convention instructions. The wet advocates, in trying to rally the unionists, found also that a strange slogan entitled "ten-cent beer" was being used against them. They were told that a laborer's beer should cost five cents and no more, and that while California was a five-cent state, the saloons from avarice had made Arizona a ten-cent state, and numerous glasses of beer had been embittered during the drinking by this realization. On the day before election it was

Another painful surprise to the saloon interests was the opposition discovered among the colored voters. There seem to be between 1,500 and 2,000 of these in Arizona. Negroes have always been barred from all but the Mexican saloons, and it was but reasonable that they should not hurl themselves into the liquor entrenchments. One negro leader said: "I don't see how I am expected to get patriotic over a place I'm not allowed to go into." The negro population almost to a voter dug out its hatchets and with joy sharpened them for the now humble and petitioning saloon man.

Among mine owners in Arizona every Monday is a blue Monday from the standpoint of getting out ore, and the Monday after the monthly pay-day makes indigo a transparent shade. It is all because of the Mexican. The latter considers that to steep himself for two days in the combination of denatured alcohol and analine dye locally known as "red-eye," and then to wreck his cabin, is to achieve as much of heaven as a poor man can hope. A large per cent of the unskilled miners in Arizona are Mexicans, and a rough one hundred per cent deport themselves as described. Hence the mine managers and their following were not out laboring night and day to uphold the integrity of the mining camp saloon.

These relatively small forces, important because they all took the same direction, excited the anxiety of the "Wets." They imported the many times ex-mayor of the wettest town in the United States, and he cited quotations from the Scriptures which showed that practically all the revered figures of tradition had lived, with regard to beverages, either a dissolute and disorganized life or had spent their literary efforts in extolling such an existence. The "Drys" met this by a moving-picture film entitled "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," shown nightly to thousands, which portrayed such highly colored and regretful activities in the saloon business that people who had never seen a saloon were exceedingly disturbed.

When the ballots were counted Arizona was dry. Not, be it noted, because a wave of social-ethical feeling had swept over the state, but because a group of little factors had decided, unanimously and accidentally, to superimpose themselves upon that dyed-in-the-wool prohibitismus which is an integral part of the franchise-exercising population in every American state. Given a similar unanimity in any other state, even New York, and it

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Paris, 24 December, 1914

FORTY-FOUR years ago to-day Paris had reached the worst days of the siege. Provisions and fuel were so scarce that a cheese was a handsome and acceptable present, and anyone who aspired so high as a Christmas goose had to pay at least twenty dollars for it. To-day, in the present war, not only is Paris not besieged, it is no longer threatened; provisions are abundant and no dearer—in some cases even cheaper—than in ordinary years; and the spirit of the people is one of calm and complete confidence in the final issue of the war. Nevertheless there is less external gaiety than in 1870, when everything possible was done to keep up the illusion of a normal state of affairs, lest the courage of the people should collapse. There will be no *Reveillon* festivities tonight, unless it be in private houses. Nobody will be tempted to stay out all night, for the cafés are closed by order at eight p.m. and the restaurants at ten o'clock, as they have been since the beginning of the war, and nearly all the street lights, much reduced in number for military reasons, are put out at midnight. Those who wish to amuse themselves this evening have the choice of the cinemas and half a dozen music-halls, but there is no performance at any theater. Rightly or wrongly, the military government of Paris has adopted a policy exactly the contrary to that followed in 1870, and has done its best to impress upon us that the situation is not normal.

There are other reasons for the difference between 1870 and 1914. The spirit of the people has changed and become more serious—I do not mean less gay—and also more stoic. Even in the first fortnight of September, when its fate hung in the balance, Paris did not need to have its courage kept up artificially; it certainly does not need this now when Paris is out of danger. Moreover, there is a general feeling that it would not be seemly to pass the night of Christmas Eve in theaters and night restaurants while husbands and lovers, brothers and sons, are passing it in the trenches, some of them not more than seventy miles away.

This is, then, an abnormal and indeed unprecedented Christmas in Paris, but in some respects the city is beginning to return to its normal life. Only to a slight extent, of course, for the restoration of normal conditions is impossible so long as the war lasts; the paralysis of trade and industry will disappear only after the conclusion of peace. Some attempt, however, is being made to set things going; a few more shops are open, and the dressmakers and milliners in particular are making praiseworthy efforts to begin business again in very difficult circumstances, with the hope that American customers will make their appearance with the New Year. The trades connected with women's clothes and ornaments are very important in Paris, since they employ large numbers of women, and if a considerable proportion of the women could return to work, that would do much to relieve the widespread distress.

It is on the political side that normal conditions are being restored to the greatest extent. Although Paris is still under martial law—in a "state of siege," as the legal phrase is—the civil authorities have resumed their functions. With the return of the President of the republic and the Government, Paris regains her position as the capital. It is not officially admitted that the return is permanent, but the people of Paris, who consider that the Government stayed away longer than was necessary, would be more than annoyed if it went back to Bordeaux, and that is unlikely to happen. The Committee of Public Safety, which temporarily took the place of the Municipal Council during the absence of the Government, has been dissolved, and the Municipal Council is again in authority.

Parliament, too, has met this week in extraordinary session—only for two days, it is true. The business of the session was purely formal; it consisted in passing unanimously and without discussion the resolutions providing for the financial necessities of the first six months of 1915 pending the introduction of the Budget, and various other measures, mostly for the purpose of sanctioning decrees of the Government published since Parliament last met. The cost of the war for the first six months of next year is estimated at $1,273,600,000 ($1,206,000,000 for the army and $67,600,000 for the navy) and will be met by "Bons du Trésor" and loans from the Bank of France. No alteration is made in the existing taxes, and the application of the Income Tax passed by the late Parliament, which should have come into force on January first, is postponed until January 1, 1916. The chief reason given for this adjournment is that it has not been possible to make the arrangements for assessing and collecting the new tax, but the organs of capitalism in the press do

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to its abandonment. The patriotism of the wealthy classes in France does not seem even yet to extend to their pockets. The present incidence of taxation lays a heavy burden on the poor and on the possessors of small incomes and lets the rich off more easily than in any other country in Europe. The bulk of the taxation is indirect, and the chief direct taxes, supposed to represent an income tax, are assessed on the rentable value of the premises occupied by the taxpayer, without regard to his actual income. The system is such that those who earn their living by a trade or profession actually pay more than those who live on rent and interest.

The regular session of Parliament will begin on January twelfth, and certain questions will then arise which must inevitably cause difference of opinion. This prospect seems to fill with terror a certain number of people who fear or profess to fear that it will endanger the "sacred union" of the nation. Some of them are so much afraid of Parliament that they go so far as to demand that it should adjourn in January immediately after having elected its presidents and other officers, and having passed without discussion any measures that may be submitted to it by the Government. The French people has indeed shown a magnificent example of unity in this time of national crisis, and no Republican wishes to disturb that unity or break the truce between political parties. But Republicans, or many of them, refuse to admit that national unity involves abstention from all criticism of the Government or the suspension of the control of Parliament. Their opinion holds that no government can safely be trusted with absolute powers or be exempt from criticism, and the Government itself seems to share that opinion, since, in the spirited Declaration read in both Houses of Parliament on Tuesday, it welcomed criticism and insisted on the necessity of parliamentary control. The absence of discussion during the short session held this week is generally approved. Doubtful points were elucidated in committee, and the unanimity of Parliament was a valuable demonstration of the unity of the nation; besides, there was no real difference of opinion in regard to the measures passed, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the postponement of the income tax.

That is not true of every question that will come before Parliament in January. For instance, the Government has introduced a bill enabling the executive to cancel the naturalization of former subjects of powers with which France is at war, if the persons naturalized have (1) preserved their original nationality or obtained any other; (2) in time of war, in order to escape military service or any other obligation of a French citizen. There is a strong objection in many quarters to this proposal; it has been expressed in the *Guerre Sociale* by M. Gustave Hervé, who declares that naturalization once given should be irrevocable, and that France, by canceling a naturalization, would be dishonoring her own signature and imitating the conduct of Germany in violating the neutrality of Belgium. The opponents of the proposal also point out that a naturalized Frenchman guilty of any of the offences mentioned is subject to the same heavy penalties as a French-born citizen. If, for instance, he takes up arms against France, he can be tried by court-martial and shot. If, on the other hand, he had been deprived of his French nationality, no punishment could be inflicted on him, and if caught he would have to be treated as a prisoner of war. It would therefore seem that while the power of canceling naturalization is open to grave abuse, it would be an advantage to really disloyal naturalized citizens. In fact, this proposal is a concession to the Royalist and Nationalist agitation, which has already led, in the early days of the war, to the sacking of shops supposed—often erroneously—to belong to Germans. The discussion of such a proposal in Parliament need not be on party lines nor need it lead to a vote; if the discussion showed that there was strong opposition, the obvious course for the Government to take would be to drop the measure.

Another burning question is that of the press censorship. By the law passed on August fifth the powers of the censors were expressly limited to military information. In fact, however, the censors have suppressed not only information of all sorts but also the expression of opinions to which they or the Government objected. M. Clemenceau has identified himself with the movement against the abuse of the censorship and has been elected chairman of a committee of Senators and Deputies of all parties connected with the press, formed for the purpose of bringing about an alteration in the methods of the censors. M. Clemenceau himself has suffered much at the hands of the censors; his paper, *L'Homme Libre,* was at one time suspended for a week, and he republished it with the title of *L'Homme Enchaîné,* which it still bears. M. Hervé has been another frequent victim of the censors, but not a single paper has escaped them altogether. The chief advocate of the extension of the censorship is M. Millerand, the Minister of War, who, according to M. Clemenceau, has declared that if he had his way he would suppress the papers altogether.

This question will certainly not be allowed to

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paper, although it is a very small one which derives all its importance from M. Clemenceau's articles, is rapidly rising in circulation. The efforts to represent him as actuated by a desire for office are ineffectual, since it is known that he was offered a seat in the present Government when it was formed and refused it. Were Jaurès still alive, he would be the leader in the campaign against a political censorship of opinion, but the most prominent Socialist, M. Sembat, is a member of the Government responsible for that censorship, and *Humanité*, as the organ of the Socialist party, is consequently in a difficult position. Many Socialists regret that their party consented to be represented in the Government and thus became indirectly responsible for measures of which non-Socialist Republicans and even persons who are not Republicans at all disapprove. When the present Government was formed as a "Government of national defence" representing all the Republican parties, the Socialists consented to join in it on the ground that the task of defending the country and prosecuting the war to a successful issue takes precedence of all others. That is true, but although national defence is the chief occupation of the Government, it is not and cannot be the only one. The country has meanwhile to live, and various matters not always directly connected with the war have to be dealt with. It is rather strange to see Socialist Ministers consenting to the postponement of the income tax and the establishment of a political censorship. The result is that M. Clemenceau has become the leader of democratic opinion for the time being, and of the resistance to the tendency towards arbitrary government. He is not an ideal leader, for, although a famous fighter, he has faults of temper and method and is too often influenced by personal antipathies. But he remains one of the most interesting and important figures in contemporary French public life.

Paris, December 24. ROBERT DELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Literacy Test

SIR: It is reported in the press that President Wilson will veto the Immigration bill, passed by the Senate on January second, for the same reason President Taft gave for a similar veto—that he does not regard literacy as a test of fitness. In your editorial of December 26th you ask if the literacy test is "really a test? Is it truly selective of the best? Or is it merely repressive, cutting down the number of immigrants without regard to capacity, as a law excluding blonds or red-headed immigrants would cut down the number of immigrants?"

It seems to me that this point of view misses the real purpose of the literacy test, and the real need in immigration legislation. The literacy test is probably not an admirable test of fitness. But it is not, primarily at least, as a test of fitness that it is proposed. The imperative necessity of the present is to find a policy which, without gross unfairness or mere arbitrariness, will reduce the numbers of immigrants. Our future immigration policy can be only secondary selective. It must be primarily restrictive; if necessary, repressive.

We have tried merely selective tests in the past. However successful they may have been for their purpose, they have certainly made no impression at all on numbers. Even so elaborate a selective policy as your editorial suggests would affect numbers only in the slightest degree, and when the detail in millions of cases which it calls for is considered, it is obvious that it would entail a back-breaking amount of labor.

But meanwhile our immigration still pours into our ports. For more than a decade the average has been a million strong, and after the war it may be increased. I make no point of ignorance, disease and crime, for I do not know how to indict whole races or nations, and I am confident that, given proper opportunity, in time all give them proper opportunity. Two-thirds of this immigration is now of South European stock, vigorous and worthy enough in itself, but vastly alien to us in language, race, customs and political experience. Partly from the force of the mere inertia and ignorance of new arrivals, but largely from the instinctively felt need of a protective racial solidarity, this late immigration has massed itself in isolated racial colonies in our large cities. It has not spread into the country as did the immigration of fifty years ago. The concentration in cities has produced an intense, unhealthy labor pressure. The separation into racial groups has produced not only a racial segregation, but an economic and social stratification which grievously hinders even the second generation of immigrants. It has produced an un-unified political sentiment, sprung from the lack of common hopes, understandings and traditions. And while we are struggling with these problems, new waves of a million a year continue to pour in.

The literacy test is the only one that has been even proposed. Nor is it harsh from a selective standpoint. Its opponents are fond of glaring individual contrasts: on the one hand, the degenerate anarchist, versed in free love, Nietzsche and syndicalism, and on the other, the plodding, ignorant peasant, eager to become janitor in a library, so that his children may emerge lawyers, professors and artists. We may be willing to admit that the literacy test will miss the mark in many individual cases. But there is little doubt that those who are literate offer the best material for citizenship. Moreover, the literacy test will cut deepest into the South European immigrant, whom we must receive in smaller numbers, if we are to assimilate him at all.

Some opponents of restriction, whom even the most overwhelming facts cannot pry loose from the magnetic force of a national slogan, declare that any policy of

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pending bill makes an express exception in favor of those fleeing from religious and political persecution. Moreover, only by making our task less arduous, only by reducing it to achievable proportions, can we keep our promise for any of our immigrants, those here and those to come. If we are to build a unified nation and keep our American standards and ideals, we must have less immigration. That is why the literacy test, despite its unscientific and rigid character, is desirable.

Indianapolis. EDWARD R. LEWIS.

The Other Side of Suffrage

SIR: THE NEW REPUBLIC of December nineteenth on its editorial page says "They [the suffragists] can promise with perfect sincerity that political power for women will introduce into government a finer sense of human values and confront the reckless diplomacy of men with a personal recognition of its cost."

It is a most interesting fact that prophecies of what suffrage will do are practically never based upon experience of what suffrage has done. If they were, THE NEW REPUBLIC might hesitate to promulgate the above quoted prediction. As a matter of fact, child-labor laws, which certainly have to do with "human values," are not so good in woman suffrage states as in male suffrage states. I have the authority of the National Child Labor Committee, under date of December 8, 1914, for this statement. Colorado hardly showed a strong sense of "human values" last year when its civil war, culminating in the slaughter of women and children, made it necessary for United States troops to inaugurate a rule of military law, the State government having broken down completely. Colorado schools, which should be improving "human values," have gone steadily down hill during the last ten years. In 1903 a foreign education committee visiting the United States declared Colorado schools on the whole the best in the country. Suffragists still quote this as valid, but the report of the Russell Sage Foundation last year showed a remarkable change. Colorado now stands twenty-fourth in length of school year, twentieth in school expenditure as compared with taxable property, seventeenth in illiteracy, thirty-ninth in attendance of pupils enrolled. During the past ten years expenditures for public education have more than doubled in the United States; Colorado's have stood stationary. The state superintendent of public instruction has for many years been invariably a woman. Judge Lindsay says Colorado has made a science of corrupting its public men. Is that improving "human values?"

The United States seems to be in danger of being drawn into serious difficulties with Japan, owing to California's breach of treaty rights. California has woman suffrage. Arizona has recently passed a law which would practically bar aliens from a chance to make a living; Italy has already protested that the law is in violation of treaty rights. Arizona has woman suffrage. If there is any great improvement in this diplomacy of men and women over the "reckless diplomacy of men" to which you refer, it is not visible to the naked eye.

But, having been a student of woman suffrage for many years, I realize that facts are abhorrent to the suffrage mind. As a suffragist clergyman expressed it at a meeting in Boston when many facts which did not fit his theories were brought to his attention, "Facts? What do I care about facts? Facts have nothing to do with this question." Has THE NEW REPUBLIC subscribed to this view of the subject?

The "Glorious Opportunity"

LET me say that the editorial ["Socialist Degeneration"] may prove rather worse as a blunder than as a crime. If the Socialists were any good they might make life quite as miserable for your periodical as in numerous instances they have done in Germany. They might ask with a persistent and undissuadable iterance how it happens that a publication so benevolently and richly endowed as yours could have taken to itself the task of damning the Socialist party to the last circle of Hades because it was not sufficiently proletarian and "revolutionary." But I fear they will not prove alive and alert to their glorious opportunity.—*Extract from letter from a prominent Socialist.*

[We do not damn the Socialist party. We merely attempt to show how it is developing and why.—THE EDITORS.]

More About Armaments

SIR: In general I approve of Mr. Robert Herrick's letter against armaments rather than your editorial approving them, but his first proposition, that the surest way to provoke war is to prepare for it, you answer pretty well. You quote ex-president Eliot as pointing out the impotence of international law without sanctions. That is hitting the nail squarely on the head and it is recognized by the more sober of the anti-militarists. They supposed that international law already had a strong moral sanction. They were rudely shocked by the behavior of Germany, who acted in defiance of moral standards, but the way she has been pilloried is proof that international law has moral backing. It only needs the sanction of force.

But so long as that force is left in the control of individual nations we shall not advance beyond the conditions of societies where pistol "toting" is common, and wars will be about as prevalent as murders. The nations are now in the pistol-toting stage of development. But pistol-toting was not stopped by resolutions, nor even by laws not backed by sanctions. What the world needs for peace is an agreement backed by an international police.

If we are to take a leading part in this movement it means breaking away from the traditional policy of isolation and no alliances. The movement from South America for joint action to enforce our neutrality affords an opportunity for an all-American alliance to keep peace and prevent the exercise of force in America by any non-American power. The next step is to turn The Hague Conference into a union with power to enforce arbitration.

We cannot do this to-day, possibly not to-morrow. Shall we then join the pistol-toting ranks and try to outstrip them in the number we carry? Mr. Herrick's objection to this you have left unanswered.

I am an anti-militarist, but I do not believe in letting the navy go to ruin, although I believe this talk about the danger of a foreign invasion is mostly tommyrot. If Germany can stand a mile beyond the range of our guns and shell New York, what we need is not a million soldiers, but a few mines, torpedoes, and possibly dreadnoughts.

You draw a lesson from the inglorious War of 1812. Let me draw one. It was not veterans trained in military tactics who won New Orleans, but the squirrel-hunters of Tennessee and Kentucky. A few weeks spent every year in training our citizenry how to shoot would be worth more than keeping half a million men in the ranks

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Henry Arthur Jones

The Lie, a new play of English life, by Henry Arthur Jones. Presented for the first time on any stage at the Harris Theatre, New York, December 24, 1914.

MR. JONES must be one of our oldest living playwrights. Four years or so the senior of Pinero, and five years more ancient than that venerable figure, Bernard Shaw, he will soon be the subject of solemn retrospect, a review of numerous lively plays and many disinterred cadavers that will regard us with an eerie fleshless grin. Still, great dignity attaches to a man who for over forty years has religiously lived up to the import of the name of Henry Arthur Jones.

It is my belief that if Mr. Jones had started in life as Audrey Duquesne or Eric Desborough, a very different chapter would have to be added to contemporary drama. It may seem flippant to attribute so much to a name, but, out of all the vast number of Joneses in the world, has there ever been a poet named Jones? There have been Thompsons and Taylors and Crabbes and Cowpers, but never a Jones. There is something about Jones so staid, grave, serious, substantial, responsible, that it condemns even an elfish possessor to affect the mien of a strong but conservative moralist, a steady craftsman, a man of robust common sense. A slight flair might be communicated by an Arthur or two, but no man could spread Arthurian wings between a Henry on the one side and on the other a Jones. To be named Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, Meredith, Swinburne, Wilde, is to be already presumably poetic. To be named Jones is to be consigned to prose. For the same reason that Cowper said of the French, "They want nothing but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely," so a man named Jones is obliged, unless prenominated Horatio or Hyacinth or Llewellyn, to speak always for order and law. It is one of those ironies against which mankind will rebel, when at last it attains to that phonologic consciousness of which actors, who christen themselves, are already aware.

But if Mr. Jones has been susceptible to his name, the public has been still more susceptible. Without analyzing him closely, it has too readily assumed him to be a moralist. The truth is, he is not so much a moralist using the theatre for his purposes as a resolute theatricalist using morals to gain his effects. If he were not a Jones, a man convinced of real values attaching to his morals, he could not stir us at all. But it is wrong to credit him to morality. True enough to Buckinghamshire to prevent a critic saying "These be puppets," he is primarily engaged in manoeuvering his characters to the climax he has ordained. His real skill, his real gift, is in contriving standardized morality for the stage. And the only reason its standardization does not seem absurd is that he confines himself, being a Jones, to English types of whom nothing but standardization could be expected.

During a play like "The Lie" one is almost persuaded at times that Mr. Jones is truculently moral. He sees sex as conduct, usually bad conduct, and he is busy with "disgrace" and "shame." But it is all for fictive ends. As misunderstandings are ingeniously planned, and confessions interrupted, and the good sister automatically self-sacrificing, and the bad sister automatically selfish, the conditions of his game emerge. He is, this apparent lecturer, availing himself of our old-fashioned prejudices to score his theatrical goal interpreting his goal. He is a stable gentleman from Buckinghamshire, and he is concerned merely with the game that accords with the rules. All this twitter about morality and immorality does not upset him. He is solidly, simply, unsuspectingly conventional. What engages him is conduct judged according to the settled precepts of the settled people with whom he deals. That preference, though, is not wholly determined by conservatism. It is decided largely by Mr. Jones's convenience as a professional theatrical scribe. He discerned early in his career the kinds of situations that, according to established social convention, were theatrically valuable and effective. To creators of a different type he willingly left all the joys of inculcating novel ideas. For himself, he wanted no labor with ideas. He found sufficient employment in dealing out old cards in novel and exciting hands. He is an inventor, not a creator. He has been using these same cards most of the time, but they are no more stale than his suppositious Buckinghamshire is stale, and he believes he can still knock a good game out of them in the theatre he has studied so well.

Thus in "The Lie" we are treated to a stock misunderstanding. A bibulous old backwoods baronet, living penniless in antique Shale Abbey, has two marriageable granddaughters. One of them is a "rotter," the blond, and the other a trump, the brunette. Around the brunette a romance (meaning a chance to marry the heir from the Hall, a builder of dams in Egypt) is about to crystallize, when the blond confesses to her sister that she has been flamingly indiscreet. She was secretly engaged to a charmer but he has got killed, and she is pregnant. Her sister must take her away to Brighton, to stay there until the baby is born. In Brighton the two girls and the baby are seen by a chum of the builder of dams, and, just as the romance is once more about to crystallize for the brunette, the chum reveals what he has seen. The builder of dams is horror-stricken. He blurts out his story to the blond, and she confirms his impression that the baby was the brunette's. This is "the lie."

To get full theatric value for this lie, Mr. Jones has the wicked sister pursue the rich hero to Cairo, and there marry him. Meanwhile the chum, a splendid fellow, sits down outside the walled heart of the Cinderella sister. Years pass. The brunette nurses the bibulous baronet, looks after the sister's boy, and burns candles on the altar of her faithless lover. Then the blond and her husband come on a visit to the dower house (for the Abbey is rented to the splendid chum). There the chum discovers that the baby of his gossip was ascribed to the wrong sister. He does not disillusion the husband, but, in love with the brunette, he clears up for her the mystery of her lover's faithlessness. It is a crashing denouement, giving the brunette a magnificent curtain, in which she shows a commendable desire to murder the treacherous blond.

She is restrained, but later her sister, nastily jealous, threatens to take away the beloved little boy to Egypt, and then, indeed, she reaps the whirlwind of the sufferer's wrath. It is a hurricane, a tornado, a typhoon. The blond is converted into matchwood, a liar revealed, a sinner sadistically mauled. But what, after this noisy crescendo, is there left for Mr. Jones's auditors? Nothing, of course, but a consolation prize for the forlorn brunette in the shape of the devoted chum. The blond goes out forever, a little storm-tossed, but otherwise probably vastly relieved.

"The Lie" does, in its fictional way, afford opportunity for the actor. As the Cinderella Miss Illington is genuinely powerful, though somewhat rudely muscular as innocence outraged. Mr. Jones is lucky in everything but

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Books and Things

I THOUGHT at first from the style of Professor Sloane's "Party Government," which consists chiefly of lectures delivered in Germany, that perhaps he had got the book into German, and then for all his pulling could not get it out again. The style at times seemed so remote. [illegible] say it was done in English originally, so it is hard to account for sentences like the following in his chapter on the presidency: "Those who assert that we have a 'king' are the very men who unconsciously promote the entelechy of absolutism." Perhaps he had nothing worse in mind than the proverb about giving a dog a bad name, but who can be sure of it? It is a lucky man who can be sure of any single whole page on the first reading, for no matter how simple an idea may be, Professor Sloane likes to keep you guessing. Historians will have their little joke. There is a foretaste of these linguistic difficulties even on the fly-leaf, but I hasten to assure anyone who cannot read that Latin dedication that really it is not his fault. Indeed, nobody ought to try to read it, for I have it from two Latin scholars of renown that there is a very suspicious case in the first part of it, and that toward the end the relation between a certain noun and a certain verb is one of open shame. But aside from these verbal inconveniences, there is an admirable spirit in the book, and an unusual presence of mind amidst the stupendous affairs of the last ten years, social and political earthquakes, new dawns, and great awakenings. It arises perhaps from the habit of taking long surveys. Having seen us on the verge of rebirth or dissolution so many times before, Professor Sloane has acquired what seems to me a reasonable calmness. In journalism when the new movement comes booming along for the fiftieth time you are apt to observe either an uninteresting elation or an equally uninteresting fright. His pages are free from these two familiar excesses. I should call it the historic temper, although from the point of view of the scientific historian he may not be sufficiently austere.

I wonder if the scientific historian is as ascetic as he used to be. There are signs to-day of a certain carnality among historians, and I know several of them who will sometimes warm up to their subject in a way that once would have been thought scandalous, but probably they are not completely scientific. Certainly in my day at the university they always damned a historian as soon as he became warm, often for no other reason; and a well-bred historical student would blush at the first sign of animation on the printed page and return immediately to the reading of Stubbs. Animation led to color in the text, and color was as much out of place in a text as in drinking-water. Historical fact should be as colorless as a fact of physics, they used to say, and I remember one stern old disciplinarian who hauled John Morley over the coals merely because he was "colored in his motives." They were good enough motives, said he, but they were philosophic and that of course would never do, because "the philosophic temper will never be the basis of the historic temper. The historic temper will serve as the basis of the philosophic." The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and he said finally that Morley was "tainted with subjectivism" all through and was probably injurious to health. His tastes were good, he influenced by what he knew about living men although he was writing about dead ones. Bleached, eviscerated, spending his life as in a vacuum, endeavoring faithfully to write as he would have written had he never been born, Morley, he thought, might have achieved a less gaudy result. As it was, he had disgraced the quiet calling of the truly scientific historians.

To return to Professor Sloane, his view of political eternity in this country, though possibly true, is somewhat saddening. He thinks our present differences of opinion will persist and that we shall as heretofore go on disputing in our party strife exclusively over the things that do not the most seriously concern us. Parties are and always have been aligned on polities that "do not materially affect the principles or practice of American government" and will continue to divide on "the identical policies" upon which they have hitherto divided. Thus party politics are perpetual motion in an entire absence of mind—a very disagreeable idea.

Depressed by this prospect of monotony, I sought excitement just now in a brand-new volume of literary demolition called "Literature and Insurgency," by Mr. John Curtis Underwood. It contains a destruction of Henry James which Mr. Mitchell Kennerley says is one of the fiercest he has ever seen. I turned to it first—from morbid motives, I suppose—but I found there a scene of general confusion rather than any specific disaster to Henry James. Surely it cannot hurt him to call him an "expatriate" again, or "the most perfect type the world has ever seen of the literary old maid," or the "dryest of the dry," or "fashionable because obscure," or to say that he is not concerned with "vital" things such as the "commercialization of divorce and the trustification of every primary necessity of life." Of course Mr. Underwood hates the style, as naturally any one would who writes as follows:

"Such states of mind remind us that we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and that as to the whys and wherefores of any modern and emancipated woman's mental processes, no man on earth may rashly predict or predicate too far."

And:

"when lovely woman in our midst for more than fifty years has spent our income freely."

Aside from that, there seemed to be no quarrel with the actual Henry James, but only a feeling of disappointment at not finding in him certain things to be had in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* the Report on Charities and Corrections, the *Congressional Record,* in short in the platforms, minutes, resolutions, and leading articles of almost any efficient organ for the promotion of collective thinking. And if a soul on its way to Mr. Robert Chambers falls by mistake into Henry James, nobody is really to blame for it. It is simply a personal misfortune; although I suppose there are some who would say it served him right for his carelessness.

Anyone who, like the present writer, has found himself of a sudden in the "midst" of Henry James, while looking for a discussion of the "vital problems" of our day and the application of sociology to life as it is lived "in America and London," may be pardoned if in a natural irritation he bangs around a good deal in so uncongenial an environment.

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Emancipating the Theatre

How to See a Play, by Richard Burton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

A DESIRE exists in America to-day to emancipate the art of the theatre, one of the finest desires that ever animated a number of Americans. And it is a desire which nothing is more likely to suffocate quietly and effectually than such fostering as this by Dr. Richard Burton, president of the Drama League of America.

The trouble with the American theatre, according to most diagnosticians, is the American public. But what is the trouble with the public? As a man who has lectured up and down the country, who is intimately aware of the conventions, the phantasms, the superstitions, that blind many Americans to the art of the theatre, Dr. Burton diagnoses the trouble as the semi-Puritanism of semi-educated people. These are not his words, but the idea is his. It is the idea which gives his book its character.

As to semi-education, the assumption is sound enough, and Dr. Burton's chapters on method and structure, on development and climax and ending, are honest first aids to sophistication. They may possibly sharpen the intellectual interest in drama for many who never before conceived of it as intellectually interesting.

It is, however, the semi-Puritanism of his audience that stands most in the way of an emancipated theatre, and it is his concessions to that semi-Puritanism that make Dr. Burton so unsound. For, in order to win his audiences, Dr. Burton shows himself perfectly ready to reconcile the theatre to philistinism. He thinks that this is making enlightenment easy. In point of fact, it is making enlightenment impossible. It is guaranteeing to philistine America the maintenance of the very attitude which is incompatible with the emancipation desired. It is doing nothing more wonderful than extending the area of pseudo-culture, imposing on the theatre the uninformed righteousness and respectability on which the love of beauty can no more thrive than a flower can thrive on sand.

With Dr. Burton's applications of whitewash to dramatic art it is not necessary to quarrel. There is no doubt that the theatre, as he says, has been regarded carelessly, thoughtlessly, as a place of idle amusement, "or worse." It is true that, in certain closed minds, it has "neither been associated with a serious treatment of life nor with the refined pleasure derivable from contact with art." It is therefore forgivable if he takes time to assert the startling fact that the drama "is in its finest estate a work of art comparable with such other works of art as pictures, statuary, musical composition and achievements of the book world." But where such leniency with the reactionary becomes fatuous is when Dr. Burton treats of the play as "Cultural Opportunity" and declares it to be his chief wish "to create the playhouse innocently pleasant, rational and sound as art."

In the mouth of a popular lecturer nothing, after all, is more ominous than the word culture. It is the word that betrays the ulterior motive of the missionary who wants from art not quickened sympathies, expanded desires, delectation, but self-improvement and moral uplift. It means that the lecturer regards beauty as something objective and dead, a fly that can be preserved for parlor admiration in the amber of suburbanism. It means that he has standards and rules and principles by which, with a certain amount of effort, any vital subject can be reconciled to the fixed and blinkered sympathies of Eldora [illegible]

the radical dramatists. But in doing so he is simply sticking cut flowers into the painted desert he has accepted. A man who wants the playhouse to be "innocently pleasant" is like a man who wants life to be "innocently pleasant"—a man, that is to say, who is naïve. What is one to think, then, of Dr. Burton's lofty reference to dramatists' "personal vagaries, extravagant theories and lawless imaginings"? These words will bring great comfort, no doubt, to those who think that beauty can come to life without courage and sacrifice, the dangers of fidelity to emotion and the agonies of birth. But behind such words lurks precisely the complacence which makes Dr. Burton say his book is intended to help the theatregoer "to get the most for his money." You cannot have the love of beauty if your first idea is a good bargain, even a bargain in culture.

Let us grant, with Dr. Burton, that an enormous number of Americans associate the word theatre with the "forged lies" and gluttonies of lust, with tinsel and sham, with the nets and snares of Old Nick. The best way to kill this is surely not, as Dr. Burton attempts, to advertise the theatre as a place where souls can actually be polished, a spiritual shoe-shining parlor, with Shakespeare and Ibsen and Shaw at the brush. When you are dealing with a drunkard, such deference is advisable. When he points at the moon and says: "Damned old clock bust again, isn't it?" you naturally reply obsequiously: "Yes, dear, the damned old hands are gone." But to treat the public with the obsequious persuasiveness which you use for imbeciles is simply to prolong our night. What the Americans who want a finer theare need is not a shrewder discrimination in the purchase of theatre tickets, a few little clues as to "cultural opportunity" and an assurance that the drama is really and truly Art. What we all need is to realize that until we revolt against ugliness simply because it is ugliness, and seek beauty simply because it is beauty, because something inside ourselves authenticates it and rates it above tangible assets, folkways, honor in the community, real estate opportunities and improved silo tanks, we shall go on having a theatre as uninspired as ourselves. It is a new mood that is needed, a mood in which beauty and religion and reform are advocated for a better reason than that ulteriorly they pay.

But it is hard to believe that Dr. Burton really feels this. There is, for example, the damaging internal evidence of his style. When Dr. Burton says "It is all in the day's culture," or when he speaks of England "getting into line" artistically, he may goodhumoredly contend that only pedants will seriously object. But what of his statement that the Elizabethan play is "languaged in a sort of surplusage of exuberance"? What of his statement that Shakespeare "bulked large in school and college, perforce"? What of his remark that "it is curious to reflect upon the neglect of the theatre hitherto for centuries as an institution"? What of his reference to Miss Barrymore's "increase of avoirdupois of late years"? These are not mere verbal lapses, common enough among popular lecturers. They are indications of a genuine insensitiveness. They show that to him the drama is a mere commodity, a thing talked about and judged but not felt. Beauty also is a name. For the quality of beauty he apparently has no time.

A word should be said, incidentally, about the unfortunately slipshod manner in which "How to See a Play" has been edited. The omission of the table of contents may be intentional, but nothing but indifference can account for the incompetent proof-reading. Such spellings as Echgera-

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A Rodin in Fiction

THREE things in Paris apparently dissociated but nevertheless connected in my mind are Rodin's "Thinker" in front of the Panthéon, a small canvas of Rembrandt's in the Louvre representing Jesus of Nazareth, travel-worn and weary, resting in a laborer's cottage, and the novels of Charles Louis Philippe. Philippe is the young Paris municipal clerk and man of letters whose untimely death in 1909 cut short what promised to be one of the most extraordinary careers in contemporary French literature. He was the son of a provincial shoemaker, and the grandson of a beggar. An entire number of *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* the most fastidious of French reviews, was consecrated to his memory. Last year appeared a critical edition of his works, including seven novels, a book of short stories, the letters of his youth, and "Charles Blanchard," an experimental and unfinished study of the life of his father. "Philippe est mort qui était seul et pauvre et petit," wrote the poet Paul Claudel, in his melancholy and piercing dirge. Philippe was poor and little; yet, aided only by his unquenchable love for all that was human, a certain fiery evangelism and the rigorous exactitude of his art, he had accomplished something solidly beautiful. "I dream," he once wrote to a friend of his youth, "of writing things substantial and compact, like certain statues of Rodin." To a very remarkable degree he accomplished his ambition.

Philippe was poor and little, but he was not alone. He belonged to a group of writers of the French proletariat, which also includes Marguerite Audoux, the famous seamstress of Montparnasse, and "Lucien Jean" (Lucien Dieudonné), a fellow clerk in the Hôtel-de-Ville, who died young, leaving a posthumous classic, "Parmi les hommes" ("In the midst of men, our brothers"). These writers, and others less notable, are linked together not only by literary comradeship, but by the sobriety and subtle beauty of their thought and the classic simplicity of their style. They are possessed of an artistic dignity and modesty which must forever distinguish them from the bourgeois novelists who are industriously "making copy" out of the lives of the poor, and the more academic novelists with a social thesis.

Philippe came to Paris at the age of twenty-one from the little village of Cerilly, near Moulins, where his father was the shoemaker. During four winter months he searched in vain for work, living on bread and cheese, and writing, to save fuel, in the writing-room of the big department store, Grands-Magazins du Louvre. Sixteen hundred francs a year seemed to him at that time an unrealizable dream. He finally obtained employment in the municipal gas works, and he never afterwards was free from the routine work of his clerical position. Philippe loved the trees and the solitude of l'Ile Saint-Louis and for years he occupied lodgings on the Quai Bourbon. Dostoevsky, Dickens and Tolstoy looked down from the walls of his chamber-study. His manuscripts were arranged in neat, workmanlike piles. From his writing-table he could look across the Seine to the Hôtel-de-Ville where he was proud to earn his daily bread. He was never obliged to degrade his art for money. The literary poseur, the sensationalist and the decadent were equally the objects of his detestation.

Charles Louis Philippe was a sincere socialist and profoundly religious, though distrustful of creed and dogma. There was not any contradiction, says Marcel Ray, between the evangelism of Philippe and his socialism. His pointed tined "Jean Bousset"—"le petit" of "Le Père Perdrix" —to throw a bomb into the heart of Paris; but on reflection he suppressed the bomb. For Philippe was incapable of sustained hatred, even in one of the characters of his creation. Poverty to him was the great sin of man; until it is ended, all men, both rich and poor, can neither be free nor happy, nor can life be beautiful. Meanwhile, the true artist should never veil the ugly facts of life caused by the distortions of our present society. He should seek, on the contrary, to reveal them, and more; he should discover the latent beauty in the ugliest object.

"Mother and Child," an early and tender group, was at first, I think more fittingly, entitled "The Maternal Passion." "Bubu de Montparnasse" is a terrific study of prostitution, as unflinching in its ugliness as "The Old Courtesan" of Rodin. Nothing like its clean veracity exists in our own literature. In "Le Père Perdrix" Philippe modelled a provincial group with the central figure an old blacksmith, afflicted by age and poverty. He goes to Paris with little "Jean Bousset," whom "bad books" have made a socialist, and, hopeless and bewildered, lets himself fall into the black waters of the Seine. It is tragedy simple and poignant. "Croquignole," on the contrary, is almost farcical in its humor, an "epic farce," according to one French critic, of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Yet there is something tragic, after all, in the fantastic figure of the clerk who inherits a small fortune and riots it away, ending his life when his last franc is gone.

"Charles Blanchard," Philippe's posthumous and uncompleted work, is a study of poverty which rises out of submerged human life like a figure of Rodin's from the rough-hewn block. There is no attempt at fiction plotting. Philippe had thrown that aside. "I take," he wrote, "a beggar, a little creature abandoned by all. At twelve years of age he discovers work, and work is his salvation. He becomes a good workman and father." There is nothing, of course, in this subject to attract the ordinary novelist, or, perhaps, the ordinary reader; but Philippe handles it with singularly realistic power.

Take again, Philippe's famous study of prostitution, "Bubu de Montparnasse." It is the most commonly read of all his novels in France, and yet the book is considered untranslatable in this country, so wide is the difference between our moral conventions and those of the French. Philippe wrote of the little Paris prostitute, "Berthe Méténier," as if she were his sister. He even wrote of her bully, "Bubu," as if he were a brother. Evil, in the savage form of "Bubu," conquers in this terrific story, conquers because it is active and strong. When goodness is no longer feeble, says the novelist, when goodness also is active and strong, then the artist can conscientiously give a different ending to such a story—but not until then.

Curiously enough, however, in life, the life from which Philippe so scrupulously sketched his novel, there was, in a way, a brighter conclusion, an unpublished chapter. It has been said that Philippe had much of the evangelical in his turbulent nature. In the "Souvenirs" of her friend, Marguerite Audoux tells us that the very day on which "Bubu de Montparnasse" was published, the real "Berthe Méténier" wrote to Philippe. She wished to escape from "Bubu" and go to Marseille where she could resume, unmolested, her making of artificial flowers. "You alone will have pity on me," she wrote. "I have confidence in you. Save me." Philippe met her at the place appointed. He showed her to his friends as if she were a beloved child. Happening to be presented with a plaster

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two, he exclaimed joyfully, "Now I have two daughters."

Yet Philippe had his doubts about the change in "Berthe's" life. Work in Marseille was difficult to find, and it was ill paid. Her character was weak. He was poor and his friends were all poor. . . .

Suddenly, in the midst of new creative activity, Philippe was stricken with typhoid fever. Meningitis developed; and after suffering atrociously, he passed away in a *maison de santé,* with his old mother and Marguerite Audoux by his death-bed.

AMY WELLINGTON.

Being a Gentleman

A Renaissance Courtesy Book; Galatea of Manners and Behaviours; by Giovanni della Casa. With an Introduction by J. E. Spingarn. Boston: The Merrymount Press. Price $3.00.

BEING a gentleman always has been and probably always will be a difficult business, especially for those who are not gentlemen. And even for those who are, it is perhaps at best only a *carrière ouverte aux talents,* a mere opportunity to become the vastly more polished agreeable and humane creature which the perfect gentleman is, according to the best authorities.

One of the best authorities always has been, and in its present well printed form always will be, the Galatea of the Archbishop of Benevento, first printed at Venice in 1558, and at London done excellently in English by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inne in 1576. And the first reflection upon reading the volume is the comforting one that three centuries and more have not made the task of manners and behaviours more difficult, that at any rate it is no harder to be a gentleman now than it was then.

The amazing thing about the book is its absolute contemporaneousness. Giovanni della Casa could dine out to-night in New York and find himself perfectly at ease. If the talk at dinner came upon the great war, the Archbishop would be interested when someone complained of the disillusion the year had wrought, and asserted that the world had apparently relapsed into a barbarity which we all believed it had outgrown. He, with his Renaissance memories, might offer the comment that you cannot outgrow a thing which has never existed, and that barbarism has always been tempered with gentleness, sophistication and urbanity; he might, but for the fact that it would be bad manners, for proof point to the copy of his book lying on the drawing-room table, and ask whether any reader had felt transported to a savage age.

The Galatea is less concerned than are modern books of etiquette with the technical and concrete details of good manners. These are indeed dealt with briefly, and the newspaper writer might possibly clip a quarter-column of quaint and unimportant instances of "queer customs." But the greater part of the philosophic discourse concerns itself not with mere rules as to how to feed prettily, but with the graces and charms of manners, with things, in short, beyond that necessary minimum of breeding which is supposed to be everyone's. Of course even in these regions the recommendations of the author are obvious (could one with self-respect admit that any recommendations as to how to be a gentleman are other than obvious?), but they make amazingly good reading and seem as fresh, in their applicability to one's friends, as they could ever have seemed.

It is a commonplace that one of the rarest things in the world is the Archbishop will not be bad reading.

his rareness which gives value to his kindly, humorous, tolerant urbanity. The Archbishop would scarcely care to say a thing was wrong, he prefers to call it in bad taste:

"Neither in sporte nor in earnest must a man speake anything against God or his Saintes, however witty or pleasant so ever the matter may be. Neither must he talk of any filthy matter, albeit a man would take a pleasure to hear it; for it ill becomes an honest gentleman to seeke to please, but in things that are honest."

It is submitted that no one ever set manners above morals more agreeably. The conviction grows upon one while reading that there is no modern social problem with which a gentleman of Renaissance Italy could not easily cope.

"It ill becomes a man," he says, "when hee is in company to be sad, musing, and full of contemplation, and albeit it may be suffered perchance in them that have long beaten their brains in these Mathematical studies which are called (as I take it) the Liberall Arts: yet without doubte it may not be borne in other men. For, even these studious fellowes, at such times, when they be so ful of their Muses: should be much wiser to get themselves alone." The parenthetical clause "as I take it" is, from the point of view of style, as delicate and snobbish an avoidance of classification of oneself as "literary" as any amateur writer of the very highest social position could accomplish to-day.

One of the most famous modern definitions of a gentleman is Mr. Oliver Herford's, " a man who never hurts anyone's feelings—unintentionally." With this the Archbishop would agree, as far as it went. But he would think that Mr. Herford's "nature's" gentleman was only doing half his duty. He would say that while he appreciates and praises those merits of the heart which are intrinsic in the perfect gentleman, he thinks no wrong of the sophistication which avowedly aims at pleasing. Indeed, the essence of his philosophy is merely that good manners should consciously be used to make the world a pleasanter place.

Some of our own questions as to exactly what does make it a pleasanter place are evidently world-old. It is with a kind of terrified fascination that a modern sufferer from the tellers of stories reads the Archbishop's pages in which he deals with these pests. A great part of the book is devoted to suggesting how one may talk agreeably and in good taste. That good talk was, on the whole, the thing which chiefly made life pleasant in those Italian Renaissance days is so much to be gathered from these rambling quaint pages that it fairly makes one envious. By comparison our modern social scheme of pleasure seems so Oriental; instead of amusing ourselves, we seek other people and things to amuse us. We do not even try to talk well; we go to the play and let someone like George M. Cohan talk for us, and even sometimes think he does it well.

The pleasure to be found in the Galatea resides not only in its matter but in its manner, in the excellent phrasing of Robert Peterson of Lincolne's Inne Gentlemen. No more pleasant serviceable maxim to take on one's social way could be found than this concerning jesters, that they "must bite the hearer like a sheepe but not like a dogge. For if it pinch, as the bite of a dogge, it shall be no more a jeste but a wrong."

The Archbishop would have known what to say to the "simple-lifers." His faith is in civilization, his belief in taste and his hope in manners. "If man go backe," he says, "to those fashions and manners our first fathers did use, the world then by little and little would come so about that we should feede upon acorns again."

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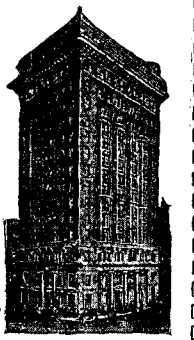

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